JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 3, 1932

£2,000 AND LIFE PENSION MUST BE WON ON PAGE 39.

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1381.

JOHN BULL

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GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

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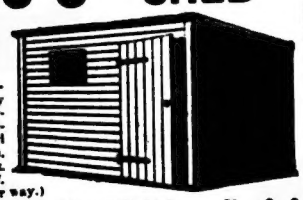

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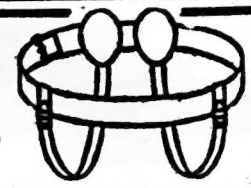

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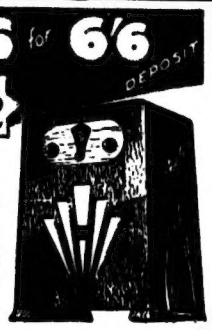

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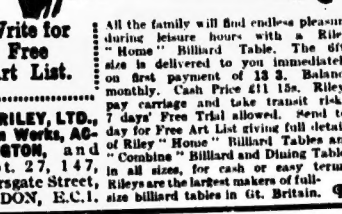

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Ladies' and Gent's.
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These excellent fur-backed Gauntlets, fleece lined inside, are of good quality Tan Cape with finest quality Fur on Backs and inside cuff and Prix-seam sewn for hardest wear. Will give you endless satisfaction. Send today, money refunded if not satisfied. Colours for Ladies' and Men's: Mink, Stone Marten, Nutria and Brown Beaver Coney 1/- extra. Give size. All Cod ours. Post 4d. extra. **8/11**

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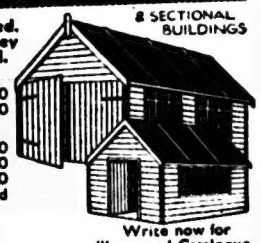

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6' x 4'	£2 15 0
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7/8" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

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Ideal for Farms, Garages, Dairies and Stables, etc. Supple black rubber throughout with solid thick soles and heels moulded to uppers. Triple-fold tongue and metal eyelets. Warm canvas-duck lining. Extreme comfort with complete protection.

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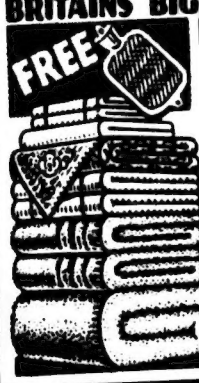

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2 Fabian Sheets, 60 x 80.
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Positively to-day's finest value. 20/- only, carr. free, or C.O.D. *Every purchaser receives Free Gift of seamless rubber hot water bottle, immediate delivery.* Send NOW!

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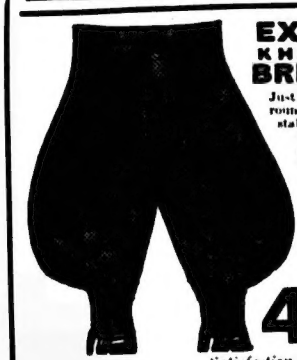

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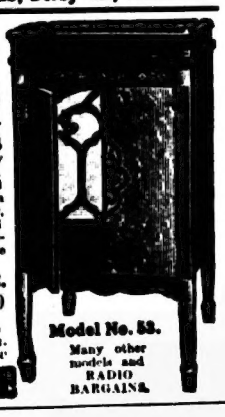

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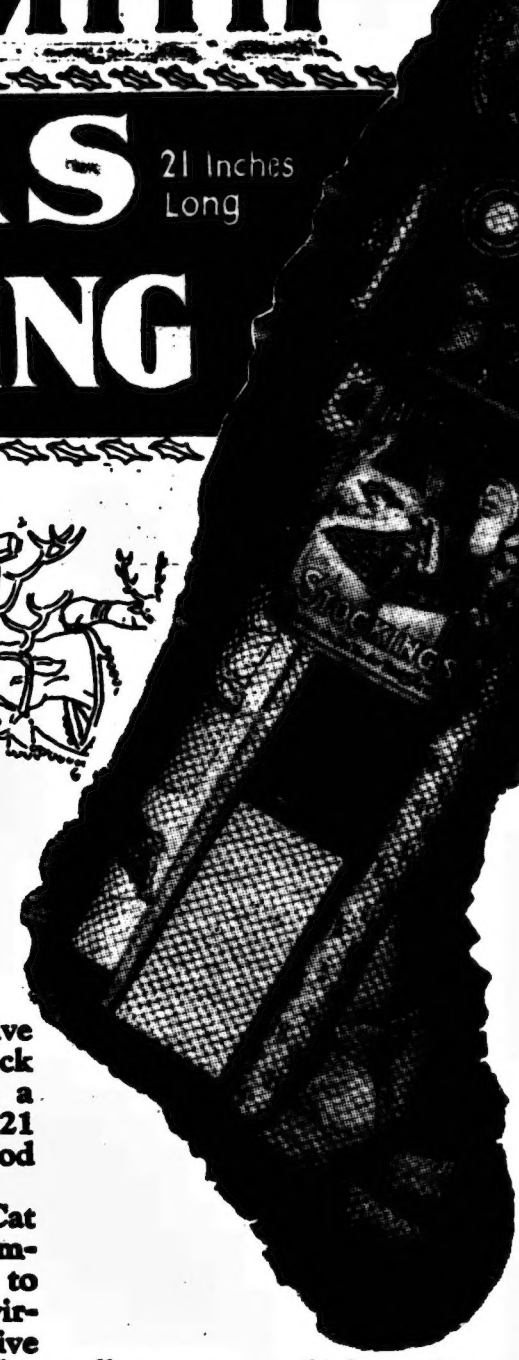

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25 packets of 20 Black Cat Red Band

-125 Coupons

What a *real* Xmas treat you can give the kiddies simply by enjoying Black Cat quality cigarettes. And what a fine stocking it is too . . . about 21 inches long and crammed full of good things for the kiddies.

Now, more than ever, have Black Cat cigarettes enhanced their already famous reputation, for in addition to offering the public a 100% pure virginia 'quality' cigarette they give valuable free gifts of a range and excellence never before dreamed of. Prove these facts to yourself by writing to-day for the wonderful new 72-page Edition de-luxe Gift Book with fine colour illustrations to:
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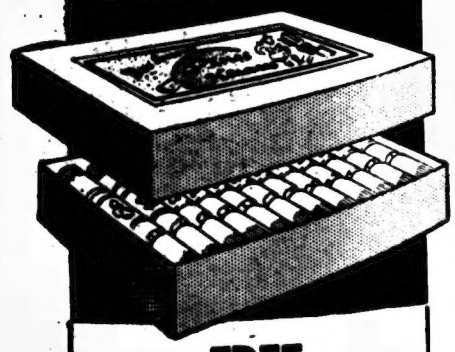

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"John Bull," 3/12/32.

JOHN BULL

Without Fear or Favour

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For Week ending Saturday, December 3, 1932. Twopence.
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POISON GAS

THE honest, straightforward Briton who, with all her faults, still loves his country best, may be forgiven if at times he feels sure that a deliberate plot exists to damage the credit of Old England abroad.

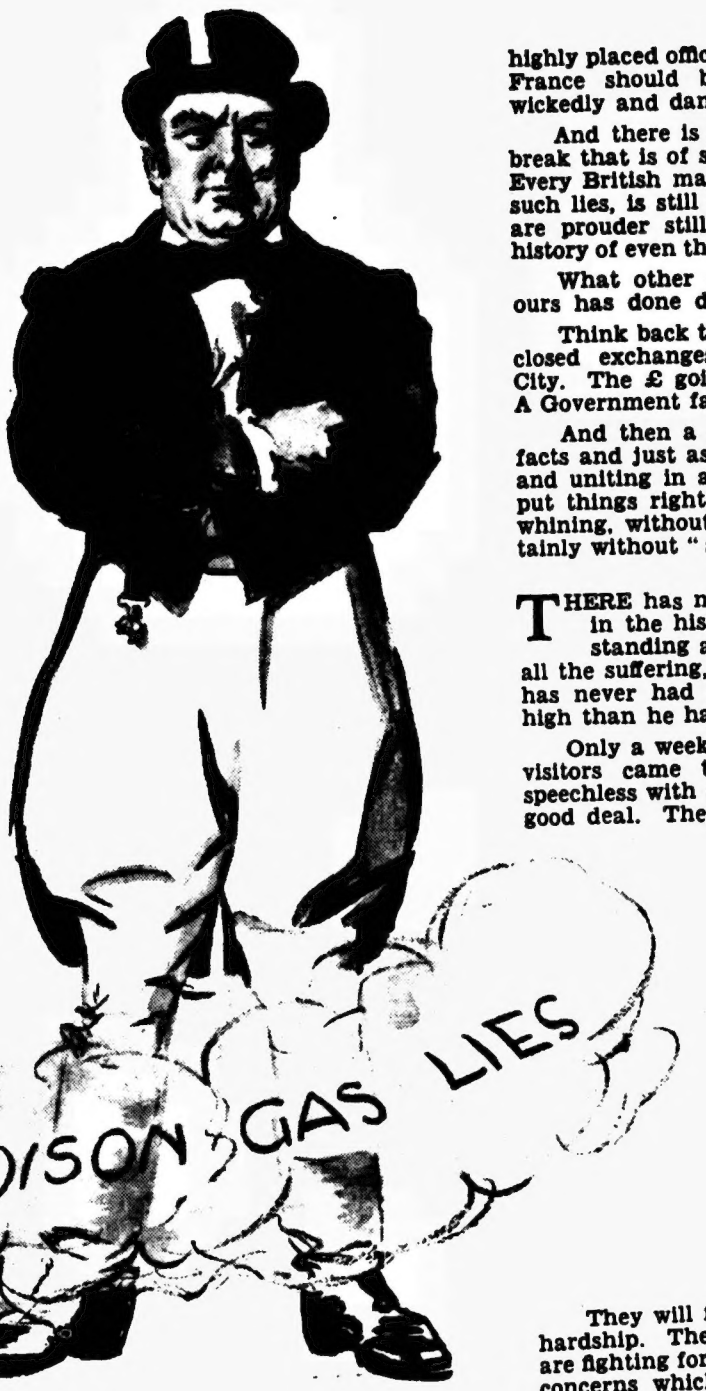
Every now and then the poison-gas mongers get to work in foreign newspapers with their endeavours to dupe ignorant people in other lands into believing that this country is heading for disaster.

We don't profess to know whether these attempts are deliberate and organised. What we are sure of, however, is that in certain quarters they are well received. It is a case of the wish being father to the thought.

Lies about Britain seem to be a very marketable commodity in certain parts of the globe to-day. They appear to be the one import there is no tariff against.

One of these poison-gas clouds has recently been squirted across the United States of America through the columns of a New York newspaper.

A photograph of loyal crowds cheering the King back to London after his critical illness in 1929 was offered to credulous Americans as a picture of "Buckingham Palace Stormed by Thousands in New Riot."



The lies can't touch him. *"John Bull has never had greater cause to hold his head high . . ."*

Underneath was a lying caption that mounted police were called to battle with rioters who stormed Buckingham Palace following a meeting of 40,000 men and women in Trafalgar Square to protest against the unemployment relief system.

NOW, all of us in this country know that some minor disturbances were caused by Mr. Wal Hannington's "Hunger Marchers," the result of which was that Mr. Wal Hannington and some of his dupes went to jail.

But the millions of Americans who were given the above dope did not know, as we do, that Buckingham Palace was not stormed by our "Hunger Marchers," and that they were looking at a three-year-old photograph.

In France another dose of poison-gas was let loose by a journal which printed a picture of a fake arrest during a new burglar alarm demonstration in London, and, linking it up with the recent "Hunger March" incidents, described it as illustrating the "exciting arrest of an agitator."

All these things are worse than lies—they are deliberate lies and they are damned lies—and the newspapers which tried to "put them over" were guilty of the worst offence in journalism.

WE are not concerned just at the moment about why they did it, or what cause they were hoping to serve, but we do suggest, in common fairness to the peoples of the countries concerned, that in some way or another—whether it be through an Ambassador or other highly placed official—the peoples of America and France should be told that they have been wickedly and dangerously fooled.

And there is another side of this nasty outbreak that is of supreme importance. It is this: Every British man and woman, notwithstanding such lies, is still Proud to be British. And they are prouder still when they look back on the history of even the last twelve or fourteen months.

What other country could have done what ours has done during this critical period?

Think back to last autumn. The crisis. The closed exchanges. The temporarily paralysed City. The £ going to nothing. Credit crashing. A Government falling.

And then a people suddenly faced with the facts and just as suddenly pulling itself together and uniting in a great valiant determination to put things right, to see things through without whining, without begging for mercy, and certainly without "storming Buckingham Palace."

THERE has never been such a demonstration in the history of the world, and, notwithstanding all the mistakes, all the blunders, all the suffering, and all the sacrifices, John Bull has never had greater cause to hold his head high than he has to-day.

Only a week or two ago a party of American visitors came to London. They were almost speechless with amazement—and that is saying a good deal. They just could not understand the calm, quiet grit that they encountered among the everyday man and woman, and they went back home still hardly believing what their own eyes had seen.

A few days later we had a distinguished visitor from Switzerland. His trouble was that he found our "National" atmosphere so reassuring and inspiring after the "International" hubbub in which he had been living that it was difficult for him to persuade himself to go back again.

Let our visitors travel through our land, go into every corner of it, meet every class of man and woman in it.

They will find much poverty, a great deal of hardship. They will meet big business men who are fighting for and developing and expanding the concerns which they control. They will meet little tradesmen who, with amazing pluck, are weathering the storm.

THEY will come across professional men whose net incomes have been halved, but who go cheerfully along with faith in themselves and faith in their country's destiny. They will find millions of loyal men and millions of brave, uncomplaining women.

They will find, above all, an unconquerable spirit, an undying belief, an unquenchable hope, a glow of enthusiasm which will never dim, a pressing forward to a future that will more than compensate for the time of trial that even now is passing.

Then they will know that the millions who say they are Proud to be British are voicing no empty boast.

And they will know also that over such a people no lie that ever was spoken or written or printed can prevail.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Prosecute the Tenant-Landlord Profiteers

Robbing the Schoolchildren

Shock for Windbag M.P.s

WHEN will something be done to clip the claws of that despicable profiteer—the tenant-landlord?

He is entirely a post-war growth, but so profitable is his trade that to-day he is to be found battening on his poorer sub-tenants in every town in the land.

He is gloating over the present "economy" mania. For curtailed building programmes mean fewer houses. Which in turn mean that more people must share houses—at his price.

Ugly facts

If you doubt what is going on listen to the Medical Officer of Health for Hammersmith.

Because 50 per cent. of the earnings of many families goes in rent, he declares, parents and children are "underfed and improperly nourished."

He quotes one scandalous case of a tenant-owner of a house rated at £60 a year who, while keeping two rooms for his own occupation, makes no less than 81s. 6d. a week by sub-letting the rest.

Another "superior tenant," paying a rent of £70 a year, plus rates and retaining three rooms for himself, gets £4 a week by letting eight others.

The tenant-landlord outdoes Noah in packing them into his modern ark, and fleeces them in the process

A deaf ear

Build . . build . . . build! the Archbishop of Canterbury and several peers pleaded in the House of Lords the other day

But the Government, too ready to listen to the treacherous Voice of Economy, turns a deaf ear to all such pleas.

Action now

So we obviously cannot wait for new houses to end the hardships of the hard-pressed sub-tenants.

The Profiteering Acts have been scraps of paper long enough.

They should be put into operation at once against the tenant-landlord profiteers

A bad Bill

And things will be still worse for tenants than they already are if the Rent Bill, which the Government is introducing this session, gets on to the Statute Book

It will mean that over half a million householders will be threatened with higher rents.

There will be a strong fight against it. And let's hope that will cause the Government at the last minute to change its mind.

Neville climbs down

Mr. Neville Chamberlain may insist that the country can't afford big unemployment relief works, but he's not getting things all his own way.

The Premier has given local authorities a broad hint that certain kinds of schemes can be helped from the Exchequer. And during the last few days quite a number of municipal plans to provide work have been approved.

This is better than keeping men eating out their hearts on the "dole."

Our rulers seem to be obsessed with the idea that economy in productive expenditure is necessary. They forget that saving on unemployment relief is equally or more so.

Cutting the cackle

Let us pass a vote of thanks to Mr. Speaker. He's going to stop the M.P.s who talk and talk and talk.

To begin with, he is having recorded the time each speaker is on his feet, so that he can see who are the worst offenders. Then they will be politely discouraged from future verbosity.

All long speeches aren't long-winded. But some M.P.s say the same thing over and over again. And it's certainly time they produced some new ideas or held their tongues.

Watching themselves

The Government has done the right thing in appointing a committee to watch meat prices, now that supplies are being restricted.

But to arrange that its members—with the exception of the chairman—shall be either butchers or persons otherwise interested in the meat trade is just silly

Housewives will have no confidence in a committee of butchers which is supposed to prevent butchers profiteering.

The other side

It's easy to be bitter about the war debts wrangle. But there's one thing to be remembered.

The United States has several times the number of unemployed as Britain. Most of these people are almost starving, for they have no "dole."

Naturally, it's difficult to make them realise that by paying our debts we shall be doing them a great disservice. And certainly we treated the American disarmament proposals rather shabbily.

For the sake of everyone, we hope wiser counsels will prevail on both sides of the Atlantic.

Solomon the second

Forget Britain's troubles for a moment and glance at the Empire's brighter spot—Palestine.

For General Wauchope has done wonders in his first year as High Commissioner. Both Jews and Arabs get on with him, and are therefore beginning to get on with each other.

You see, he doesn't listen to the tales of either side. He goes and sees for himself. Then he makes a decision and sticks to it—and it's always accepted and respected.

When he's finished in Palestine, we hope the Government will find him a job over here.

The children suffer

We can't commend the L.C.C. for continuing to "economise" by giving certificates to schoolchildren instead of prizes.

Certificates—even if hard-pressed parents spend money they can ill afford on having them framed—soon become mere cumberers of wall-space. While books are not only things of beauty and joys for ever, but incentives to further achievement.

The Council's policy smacks more of parsimony than economy.

One of the "unfit"

George Holder is an unemployed Paddington man. He has a wife and four children and he had an allowance of 23s. 3d a week from the employment exchange.

While on his way to look for a job he rescued two children from a burning building and then went back to try to save the mother. He was badly burned and had himself to be rescued.

Then his unemployment pay was stopped because he was "unfit for work."

We just cannot think of anything printable to say about that.

All-British Navy?

The British Navy may soon be running on British oil.

This would mean more work for the coalfields and a better trade balance. While in the event of war (but let's hope that will never come) we shouldn't be at the mercy of foreign Powers?

The Government is expecting a report very shortly that the manufacture of oil from coal is really a commercial proposition. Swift action should follow.

The better 'ole

We should like to shake hands with an anonymous Blackpool business man.

For when a woman was loudly asserting at an unemployment demonstration that Britain was a rotten country and not fit to live in, he offered her fare to any better country she knew.

That silenced her. If he could make many similar offers, a lot more grumbling hypocrites would be silenced, too.

The happy warrior

Air-Commodore R. M. Pink has just died, and here are some facts from his record: Injured in a submarine accident; invalided out of the Navy in 1913 with defective eyesight; suffered a serious illness while serving with R.A.F. in 1930; wrecked off the coast Portugal later in the same year

He left £127 and in his will he "I have been one of God's luck creatures, and I thank God for the b of life."

Rich—in friends

Now, why was he lucky and thank being without either health or weal

Another paragraph in his will plies the answer. It is the one in wh he expressed gratitude for the affec lavished on him by his relatives friends.

It is nice, of course, to have m than £127, but how many people £127,000 but without the affection relatives and friends would be able say, as did the dead airman, "I h had a wonderfully happy time"?

A disgraceful device

A cruel and heartless business. T is surely what every decent person say about the case of a Bournemo man who put a live wire in his moth garden because she had been troub by cats.

The wire, with its charge of 230 vo killed a pedigree terrier, whose ow has just lost his claim for damag The judge said the device, though le was undesirable.

We go farther than that. It is mean a trick as we can imagine.

Monstrous black cap

We're glad that the sixteen-year- boy who was condemned to death murder has been reprieved.

But we shall be still more relie when judges have no longer to pass t sentence on women and children wh there's no intention of carrying it out

The custom is a barbarous relic of t Middle Ages. How much longer is to be tolerated?

A big pennyworth

John Foster stole a penny from Evesham shop. He was remanded custody for a week and then sentenc to seven days' hard labour.

He was led away in tears, but in o view a few other people in Evesha might have cried for shame.

Not even his one previous convicti for theft warrants such savage trea ment as this.

Don't frighten them

There's a moral for every parent the suicide of the little nine-year-o Oldham boy.

Sent to bed for bringing back wro change from an errand, he heard h parents talking of fetching a policema Then he slipped out and was later foun drowned.

True, this little lad was subject to fi and so not quite normal. But the lesso of the tragedy is clear.

Reason with your children, punis them if necessary—but don't frighte them. Fear never did anybody an good.

Give him the go-by

The Imperial Trading Company of Bishop Lane, Hull, is a concern con ducted by F. C. Bye. Bye pulls the ol yarn about "an appointment as a spare time worker" and asks for a deposit o 3s. 6d.

Bye should be given the go-by.

Two wrongs

A night watchman was bound over a Birmingham for stealing a bicycle, an a police officer stated that the ma worked 112 hours a week for about £2.

It is very wrong to steal a bicycle, bu it is damnable for anyone to have t work 112 hours a week for "about £2.

Keeping it dark

Some Eastbourne ratepayers are com plaining that they are being illegally compelled to pay certain rates. They have appealed in vain for the appoint ment of a Government auditor, and the Town Council has just held a private meeting.

Its best plan is to call a public meeting and face its critics.

OUR GREATEST OFFER YET

IN next week's "John Bull" will appear the greatest of all Presentation Book Offers.

Every Reader will be offered a wonderful new £1.1.0 volume planned on entirely new lines.

Look out for next week's "John Bull" and tell your friends to order a copy too.

Ruined Investors: THE REMEDY

by Lord Melchett

Shareholders storm a business house after the "crash" has been announced

ONE is continually hearing and reading of people who have lost their money in companies which, on the face of things and so far as ordinary intelligence could discover, were perfectly sound and showed every prospect of lucrative earnings.

A great mass of investment is, and probably always must be, done by people who have no special training in company finance and who have to rely upon the honesty and ability of those who bring forward schemes for their consideration.

How, for example, can a doctor with a prosperous practice which leaves him a few hundred pounds a year to invest be expected to have or to acquire the expert knowledge and the wide experience which would enable him to get behind the details of a prospectus or a balance-sheet?

He can only rely upon his general intelligence, and the advice of those whom he trusts, to protect him against fraudulent or recklessly speculative ventures.

The mere fact that, in cases of actual fraud criminal action can be taken against the promoters is cold comfort to the man whose savings have been lost. It is, moreover, of no benefit to those promoters of sound and honest concerns who find difficulty in securing capital because the investors' confidence has been destroyed.

It is of vital importance that we should find some means of enabling the sane investor to protect himself against doubtful or dishonest ventures.

Of course, one expects the retort that this is already done by the City Editors of our newspapers and by the advice which stockbrokers give to their clients. But how far, however good their intentions, are they reliable?

EVERYONE who has had dealings with the Stock Exchange will know how excessive confidence or excessive mistrust of a particular issue may alternate on very slight provocation. We must realise, too, that considerable practical experience of industry is frequently necessary in estimating the worth of an issue.

This practical knowledge is rarely found in those whose business it is to deal in stocks. Stock Exchange "tips" as to what is safe cannot be reliable, for no one is going to run down the prospects of his own business even to his stockbroker friends.

If the "City" itself is too ignorant even of the financial facts to be able to protect itself against weak issues and doubtful advances, what can the ordinary investor do?

Mr. Montagu Norman quite recently in a public speech admitted that foreign concerns "have been able to borrow on short credit sums which, had the various lenders been aware of it, would have been quite out of the question, and which have come as a surprise to us all." So much for the ability of the City to advise us!

Now for the Press, which should, as a regular news-gathering organisation, be able to help us. Do the City Editors give sound advice? They try to; but the trouble is they must always keep an eye on what is *news*.

Unfortunately, the smartest people at making themselves "news" are often the smartest people at catching the public. Moreover, newspapers demand immediate action, which leaves too little time for reflection.

Then how can the public be protected? Is it possible to set up some machinery which will enable us to achieve the happy medium between condemning all speculative effort and being ruined by frauds and adventurers? I believe that we can do it.

AN effort has already been made in the right direction by the great trust companies who have set up a committee to examine new issues. We have also the Shareholders' Protection Association. But each of these has its faults.

The trust companies are primarily concerned with the purely financial side of life. Their first object is to protect themselves and to seek security of yield, which is not the spirit which makes for the encouragement of new productive enterprise.

The Shareholders' Association, on the other hand, must tend to fall into the hands of those who make a profession of getting themselves appointed as other people's representatives on boards of directors.

In any event, these efforts are purely individual and are designed to protect particular interests rather than the general interest of the great investing public.

What we need above all things is that the nation, as such, should deal with this matter in an organised way. There should be set up a body of men with no object except to serve the public interest.

I have in mind such a body as the Tariff Advisory Committee. It should be composed of men of the widest possible experience of industry, finance and commerce, and it should be their duty to examine from every angle any proposed new issue.

I suggest that before subscriptions are asked for from the public for any new venture, all the available information should be considered by this body and that it should have every facility for examining all the available material in relation to the project.

In my book, "Modern Money," I have outlined proposals for a Public Issues Board, whose stamp on any prospectus would be necessary before any firm of brokers or any bank was allowed to handle subscriptions. Without this stamp no respectable man would appear as a director, nor would any firm of solicitors be allowed to act.

Such a board need not be directly responsible for every single word in the prospectus, nor need it be placed in the invidious position of having actually to condemn any particular issue. Its certificate should be in some such form as:

"We have inspected the books and documents relative to the prospectus of the X.Y.Z. Company and have considered the prospectus itself. The statements in the prospectus appear to us to be true, and from information which we have received from the directors and other sources we are of the opinion that there is no reason why the public should not be invited to subscribe to this appeal."

The board should consist of practical and experienced men, the type of man who knows a bad issue when he sees one. They would not have to be unduly restrictive and should err on the side of moderately speculative ventures.

They need not be responsible for the accuracy of every statement of fact in any prospectus bearing their stamp, but they should represent a broad consensus of opinion of the very highest kind on all matters concerning the making of public issues.

ONCE such a board was set up the average investor need ask himself only two questions:

"Is this the kind of risk I am prepared to run with my money?" and

"Does the prospectus bear the stamp of the Public Issues Board?"

Some people like to take chances. Whether they do so or not is their pigeon and no one else's. It is a good thing that there should be folk who will run fairly pronounced risks. No one but the individual concerned can take the measure of his own chances.

What we can do is to see that the game is "run square."

Therefore, let us have such a board as I suggest. Its stamp would mean in effect: "We have examined this proposition; we have no axe to grind; we serve the public interest, and we are satisfied that this is a good, straightforward proposition with a reasonable chance of success."

Share-pushers, "dud" companies and "shysters" generally would only be able to live on the fools who would lose their money anyway.

Sensible investors would at least know when they were getting a square deal even if on a large but justifiable basis of risk. Honest companies would not fear the test. Industry would gain enormously by the new influx of capital from small investors. The workers would gain by the new influx of capital into stable industrial undertakings.

The whole thing would cost only very little, and what was spent would amply repay the nation.

Let us realise that in these highly complex days, when everything is done on a vast scale, important national and imperial activities cannot be left to individual initiative and haphazard organisation.

The State must act for people as a whole. And in no respect is action more essential than in removing the fear of the small investor that he may not be getting "a run for his money."

BRITISH WOMEN *in the* ALIEN QUEUE

"Nationality . . . None." Yet she is an Englishwoman in her own land!

WAITING shoulder to shoulder with foreigners from all parts of the earth at the Aliens Office of Bow Street Police Station, London, are women of English birth who have never left the country in which they were reared.

They are English in their instincts and outlook. The English tongue is the only one they can speak. In fact, set down in any other country in the world they would be helpless and hopeless and afraid. Yet how much harder their lot than that of the most miserable alien in the queue.

The little bearded man with the elastic-sided boots can at least describe himself as Esthonian; the crippled youth with the sallow skin as Greek; the middle-aged man with the crotchets-and-quavers shirt as Yugo-Slavian.

But when the kindly-faced officer leans forward and asks these women: "Your nationality, madame, please?" they must redden and stammer and say: "I have none; no country at all."

All rights gone

Born in Leeds, or Manchester, or Croydon, or Glasgow, as their papers show. And yet when it comes to filling up the space in which one is supposed to describe one's nationality they must write down the one word: "None."

If it were for some fairly serious offence against the laws of the land of their birth it would be a harsh punishment. But what have they done to suffer a complete loss of their citizenship in every respect except the obligation to pay rates and taxes?

They have married foreigners. That and nothing more.

Wherefore the law of the land has laid down since the middle of the last century that they have forfeited their right to remain British.

If they have married foreigners who are nationals of certain countries—the United States, certain South American countries and a few small European countries—they may become totally non-existent as far as every country in the world is concerned. Their own country deprives them of citizenship—but their husbands' countries do not offer them nationality in return, unless, as rarely happens, they have other qualifications of their own.

Whatever man they marry, if he is not British they lose their British status, to be classed in their own country as "under a disability" with minors and lunatics.

It would be no exaggeration to say that there are thousands of women in England to-day who are "women without a country," the majority of whom have never left these shores except for a holiday.

One finds their cases in the records of the various women's organisations that are fighting to give members of their sex an independent nationality in themselves—or, at least, the right to choose whether they shall retain their own nationality or take on that of the men they marry.

Only a few days ago a case was heard at Gloucester of Mrs. Grace Tyndall, of Oak House, Newent, an English girl who married an English-born man who happened to have naturalised as an American, and who, therefore, lost the protection of Great Britain as a consequence of her marriage without acquiring the protection of the United States.

Because she omitted to register herself painstakingly as an alien, obeying the regulations that require her to tell the police of every change of address and fill in the aliens' register at any place she might visit, she was fined 20s., or, in default, seven days' imprisonment.

The Women's Freedom League, which once persuaded women to go to prison in upholding their rights to the vote, has drawn the attention of the Prime Minister to the case, and is again urging women to go to prison rather than pay the fine for such a so-called "offence."

Another case is that of Miss Madge Titheradge, the British-born actress.

She arrived recently in London to appear in a French adaptation, only to find that she must get a Ministry of Labour permit to appear on the British stage. In other words, the law regards her as *not* British, and will only allow her to work here for a prescribed time.

But if she is truly not British, what is she?

When she married Mr. Edgar Park, an American, she did not acquire American nationality because, as she herself says, "in American law my marriage does not make me American." She is therefore a woman without a country.

A certain famous British woman novelist who married an American and so became a woman of "no national determined to fight to the last ditch be recognised in one way or another.

She was advised legally that if went to America she could get natu nation by getting a residential quali tion.

But getting a passport was the d culty. The British authorities w not allow her one because she was longer British. The United States fused her one because she was American. Her plea that she was one to remedy this terrible state affairs fell on deaf ears.

She still wants to fight—but doe know how to begin.

An alien—suddenly

One of the most amazing example that of an English woman who went the United States at the age of fo teen and who later married an Am can.

At that time American law permit her to adopt the nationality of her h band. The law has been changed si And when she divorced the man recently she found herself in a ridicul position.

She was boarding the liner *France* come to England to visit relatives w she was informed that she was American citizen no longer—that e if she married another American would not be an American citi She decided, therefore, that she m have become English again automa

WIVES who

ally. But in mid-ocean she discover that she was still an alien as far as t country of her birth was concerned.

Among her people in the Engli town in which she played as a chi she had to register with the police an obey all the aliens' formalities.

Which country?

Her home and children and furnitu being still in Washington, she return to America, only to find that she ha to pay an alien poll tax, undergo all th usual examinations designed for alien seeking fortune in America, and hav the anxiety of knowing that her chi dren were living in dreadful uncertaint as to whether she could get to them a if not, whether the English law woul allow them to join her when she re turned to England again.

Another staggering case is that of a English woman journalist, whose duti used to take her all over Europe, wh married an American journalist wh tours European countries for an Ameri can syndicate of newspapers.

By reason of her marriage she is not able to get either a British o American passport, and so the restric tions pressing on her are so great tha she cannot carry on her work.

Yet her husband, a born American can travel Europe "without let or hindrance" on behalf of the American Press.

One Englishwoman married in 192 an American who deserted her cruelly, leaving her in acute poverty with her baby. She went to America in a vain effort to find him, leaving her little boy behind.

When she came back it was to be given a paper informing her that the Home Office "had no objection" to this alien returning to this country—which was not harsh on the part of that de partment, because its action was at least as human as the law would per mit it to be.

And what hardship and irritation these women without a country have to endure!

Madame Lorsignol, of Beckenham,

Homely Wisdom—By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Should We Take Advice?

IT is said to be easy to give advice, but seldom so easy to take it. Like so many proverbial expressions this one requires qualification. My own experience is that it is easier to give advice on general principles than on individual problems—in fact, one usually shrinks from trying to persuade any person to take a particular course of action lest it should result in disaster.

In my own case I have noticed over and over again that when friends have been pressing advice on me I have known in my heart that I was not going to act upon it, yet I could not have told them why.

Always in such cases, as far as my recollection goes, I was right and they were wrong. They could not judge for me; I had to judge for myself. Invariably, if I have yielded to persuasion against my better judgment, I have lived to regret it.

I believe the explanation of this is that no person can wholly succeed in putting himself in another's place and shouldering his responsibilities for him.

We are all gifted with a certain instinct as to what we should do or leave undone in any given instance, but as a rule we should be hard put to it to justify this instinct to an outsider.

There may be times when this is not so, times when we are absolutely at a loss to know what decision to take when every road seems blocked and every choice fraught with difficulty.

These reflections occur to me after reading two letters from JOHN BULL readers. One is that of a man heavily in debt, the other that of a person who wants to know how to get rid of a burden of fear and depression which is augmented by his sense of friendlessness. They both say that, turn which way they will, they cannot think of a single human being to whom they could confide their troubles or who could be trusted to hold out a helping hand to them in their misfortunes. They live under a shadow that never lifts.

What can one say to put heart into these two men? I do not know them nor their circumstances, and to give practical counsel as to the best way out of the mess they are in is beyond my power.

For aught I know, they themselves may be chiefly to blame for the trouble that has befallen them, and they may know it—indeed, one of them says that he knows he has been a fool—but to preach at them would only aggravate them without doing any good.

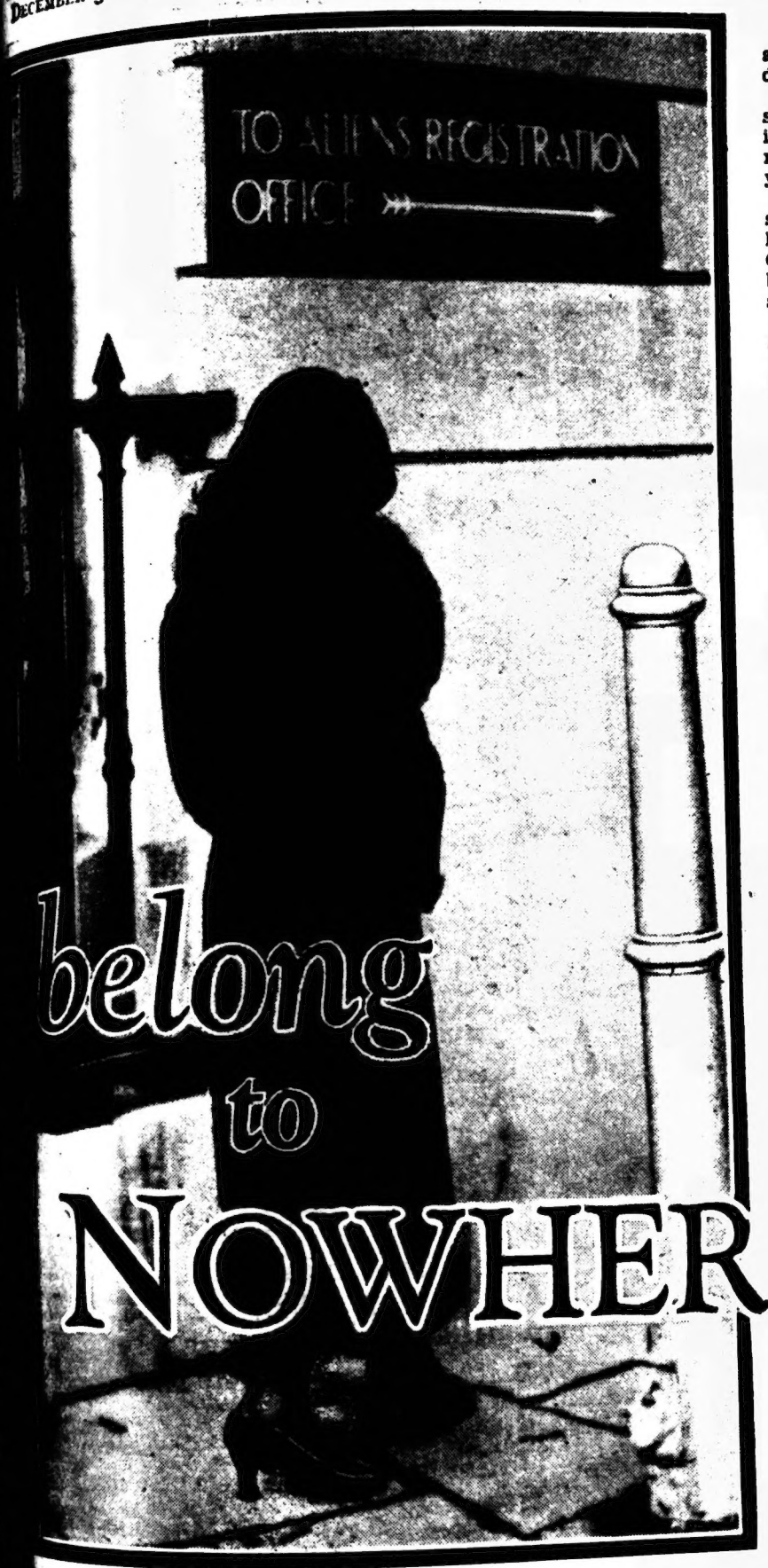
Is there a man living who does not know that he has been a fool at some time or other and suffered for it? And is there one who does not know that fate has been more merciful to him than he deserves?

Let me tell these two men what one of the greatest of living psychologists said to me the other night. He said: "Courage is our greatest moral attribute, and feeling sorry for ourselves our greatest peril. If a man has pluck enough he can win through anything; if he gives way to brooding on his wrongs or his ill-luck he is done."

To this I will only add that the worrying habit of mind is deadly and grows worse the more it is indulged. Fear is at the bottom of every failure to face the truth about ourselves and our task in life.

Break its power. You can; fear is inverted faith; turn it the other way round.

It is simply a bad habit; banish it as you would banish any other bad habit, and you will win your fight.



This woman has never left England's shores, but at the Bow Street Aliens' Office she may not describe herself as British

herself a victim, has painted a picture of it. Ever since the war she has been a leader in the fight against the system, and if, one day, the whole injustice is swept away in this and other countries, much of the thanks will be due to her.

A crazy code

She lost her nationality when she married a foreigner. Since then, although continuing to live in this country, she "must report regularly to the police, even get permission to live in her house and notify any change of address, and obey a multitude of petty restrictions."

She has no local vote, although she pays rates; no national vote, although she pays taxes. If she goes abroad, she has to re-enter England as an alien. And she has grown used to the sight of an English policeman on her doorstep.

If she were poor, the story would be even more tragic, for there is no health insurance for a woman without a country, nor old age or widow's pension, no real return for the money the State exacts from her.

One of the most hard-hit victims is the widow of a British army officer of high rank, who was killed in the war.

She remarried to a distinguished Frenchman in this country and so became a Frenchwoman in the eyes of the British law. In obeying all the usual formalities surrounding aliens resident in this country she must regularly report at Bow Street.

Yet her French maid, who married an Englishman recently, can stay at home enjoying all the liberties of a born Englishwoman!

Another case is that of an Englishwoman who married a Russian refugee. Far from being able to take the nationality of her husband, it would have been unsafe for her to go near Russia at that time. Yet she was irrevocably doomed to lose her English status.

She lived in London, obeying all restrictions intended for real aliens, carrying identity books, signing the aliens' register in any town she visited, and yet——

"I went to my native village in Yorkshire to find that a farm labourer who had brought a German girl home from Cologne as his wife had automatically bestowed British citizenship on her," she says.

"There was I, a girl with a real Yorkshire accent, a woman without a country, and she, unable to speak a word of English, a full-blown Briton.

Sheer muddle

"I told the story bitterly to one of the police officers I had to meet in London, a very understanding man, who nevertheless had his duty to do. He told me that if I knew how many Englishmen married foreign women for a fee, just to enable them to live here, I would be astounded.

"They part at the door of the register office. And from that moment the woman, who may be a foreign blackmailer, prostitute, thief, or anything like that—for the decent woman from another country wouldn't sink to such ruses—is free to transfer her attentions to this country as a real Englishwoman."

For sheer muddle the case of a Scots girl now living in Paris—she was a Scots girl once, but now might be anything—takes some beating.

By her marriage to a Frenchman she became French. But her husband went to Japan and, following the practice of many young Frenchmen who prefer to naturalise in the country in which they work, took out Japanese papers.

To-day France considers her Japanese. She must suffer the restrictions imposed in many countries on people of colour, although she has never left Europe or met anyone who has ever seen Japan.

In the eyes of her own country—the country, that is, of her birth—she is French.

She prefers to regard herself as British. Yet when she tries to get to England she is refused admission.

Many countries, of course, will bestow their nationality on an Englishwoman who marries one of its menfolk. But even then they are not safe.

An Englishwoman who married a Swede found this to her cost. Through long residence in this country he lost his Swedish nationality, and so yet another person became a woman without a country.

Under the laws of Belgium, Rumania and Yugo-Slavia, a woman has a right to choose whether she will retain her nationality or adopt that of her husband. And the various women's organisations in this country feel that is the only really fair way.

Even where an Englishwoman can get another nationality on marrying, as when one marries a German, it seems hard that she should have to lose her British status against her will, that the law should assume that being British means less to a woman than it does to a man.

Hundreds of soldiers in our Army of Occupation in Germany married German girls. The moment they were married these girls were British.

But take the case of an English nurse who married a German. She had spent two years in France tending the dying and the wounded; running the biggest risks women had to take in the war on behalf of her country. Yet the moment she left the church she had lost the nationality that had meant so much to her, that had impelled her to such heroism.

A more involved case is an even more graphic instance of the injustice of it.

A Frenchwoman on holiday in India met an English officer while she was there, and married him.

A fellow-officer of this man died and left a widow, an Englishwoman, who married a German in due course.

The two women came home on the same boat. But what a change had taken place! The Frenchwoman who had gone to India on holiday was sailing to England as an Englishwoman, with all the rights of an Englishwoman.

Law's astigmatism

But the Englishwoman was sailing to England as an alien—to be under constant police supervision in the country where she had lived the barrack life.

Even an English ex-Cabinet Minister's daughter has found herself an alien in a somewhat similar way.

Miss Katherine Trevelyan, daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan, fell in love with Herr Goetsch, of Frankfürt, whom she married about a year ago. The moment she left the church she had lost her British nationality.

She will be able to visit her parents at Wallington only by conforming to the aliens law in the manner described.

The whole muddle is a wicked injustice to women the whole kingdom over.

If only because such women enjoy no protection at the hands of the State, the whole thing must be remedied. They pay for citizenship, and they must have it.

Until the Government allows them to live here without paying rates and taxes it has no right to say to them: "We are looking at you, but we don't see anything. You don't exist at all as far as we are concerned."

Miss Madge Titheradge, the actress, is denied British citizenship—nor is she able to take her husband's nationality

When Miss Katherine Trevelyan became Frau Georg Goetsch she also became an alien—in the eyes of the law

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H. G. Wells Goes Wrong

by A. G. GARDINER

THINGS have got into such a demnition mess that we are all wondering what is going to happen to what Mr. Wodehouse would call this jolly old world. What is to be its future? Has it a future at all?

It would be better that there should be none if it is to be anything like the future which Mr. H. G. Wells has just pictured to us as we gathered round the loudspeaker.

Annihilation would be preferable to that lurid horror. The human family had better file a petition in bankruptcy and leave the business of running the aforesaid jolly old world to some more competent animal. No animal can make a greater hash of it than we are making.

And things are going to be rapidly worse, says our prophet. The blessings of science which have turned to curses here so far only given us a foretaste of their diabolical possibilities. We are on the brink of much greater devilries.

For instance, guns that carry only twenty miles and aeroplanes dropping bombs on sleeping cities from the midnight sky will before long be as obsolete as bows and arrows. We have conquered the air and are soon to conquer the ether. We shall not bother to send armies into the field or battleships to battle.

For once, Mr. Wells is talking through his hat, thinks A. G. G.

Long-distance death

We shall sit comfortably at home, making up nice little parcels of explosives and poison gases which we shall dispatch into the void out of the atmosphere of the earth, timed to the tick to scatter death and destruction anywhere we like. Paris will be able to set New York in a blaze and Tokyo will be able to set London in a blaze, and so on.

I have too much respect for Mr. Wells as a seer to laugh at this forecast. We have seen too many of his visions come true to dismiss him as a mere scaremonger.

Moreover there is nothing more unlikely in this vaticination than there was in others that have come to pass. Twenty years ago you and I would have supposed that anybody who said that in a short time we should be able to hear Big Ben striking the hours at Westminster as easily and as soon in Cape Town or Calcutta as in Trafalgar Square was a subject for Colney Hatch.

But the thing has happened, and if we can project our voices from the Mansion House to Sydney, New South Wales, I do not see why we should not be able to project a parcel thither. And if a parcel, why not a parcel of explosives?

In the world that Mr. Wells foresees, a world where distance has been abolished, we are destined to live with the eyes of a stranger in our homes, with the voice of the stranger in our ears and with the knife of the stranger at our throats.

This is to be our fate unless we can make a World State that will give us a world peace. The chances of that are small and remote. Look at Geneva to-day for evidence of that.

And the question that Mr. Wells asks is, What is to be done about it? How are we to prepare against these devilries of the future? His answer, I regret to say, seems inadequate. We must have Professors of Foresight. We have professors of history who tell us about what has happened; but what we need are professors who will tell us what is going to happen and put us wise as to what to do when it does happen. I am not convinced that this amounts to much.

Who can foresee?

By this I do not mean to depreciate foresight. It is an invaluable quality in all human affairs. In one of those priceless minutes with which the ex-Kaiser used to endorse the documents submitted to him, he said: "Foresight is a quality which kings often possess, statesmen sometimes possess, and diplomatists never possess."

I wonder what the exile at Doorn thinks about his own share of foresight to-day. Did he foresee in July, 1914, anything remotely resembling what has happened in the interval? Did anybody foresee it? Did Mr. Wells foresee it? Would any Faculty of Professors of Foresight have foreseen it?

Mr. Wells foresaw the possibility of war in the air, as Tennyson foresaw it half a century before him when he wrote about "airy navies grappling in the central blue." Indeed, Mr. Wells wrote a book about it. In writing that book he brought all his prophetic and imaginative gifts into play, but I venture to say that he did not contribute one idea that had a practical bearing on war in the air when it became a fact.

War in the air was as much a revelation as the nature of submarine warfare or trench warfare. We could see it was coming. We knew the instruments with which it would be waged. But only the reality could tell us what it was like. The poet has his vision, and the scientist makes his discovery, but it is only in action that the incalculable operation of things is revealed.

Tell us how

Let us take the vision of parcels of explosives passing out of our atmosphere and being dropped with mathematical certainty where we will. Will Mr. Wells tell us what we have to do about it? Could a whole college of Professors of Foresight tell us? I doubt it.

I venture to ask Mr. Wells not to stop at making our flesh creep with his prophecy, but to give us a few practical hints as to how we are to meet it, and overcome it when it is realised.

I am not suggesting that we should not study and anticipate all the possibilities of things. Of course we ought.

Equally, of course, we are doing so. In every war department in the world, in every naval school in the world, in every laboratory, people are at work inventing plans, examining inventions, testing gases and poisons, masks and projectiles, studying how to destroy the other fellow and how to prevent the other fellow destroying us.

If there were a war to-morrow it would not begin where the last war left off. It would begin with a thousand ingenuities which have been discovered in the interval by the thousands of experimenters who are exploring the possibilities of science.

What he meant?

But in the first clash of the struggle we should learn more about those ingenuities than all the Professors of Foresight could teach us.

The Germans were admittedly the greatest practitioners of Foresight, and the trump card with which they started the war was the Zeppelin, the most astonishing fiasco in military history. To the imagination it seemed a terrific engine of destruction. In action it proved the most colossal "dud" of the war.

Foresight to be valuable must emerge from the study of the craft itself. A Faculty of Professional Prophets would be a Faculty of Humbugs, not much more useful than a Faculty of Soothsayers or Magicians.

It would not save us from the wrath to come. We can only be saved from that by Mr. Wells' first expedient—a world organised against its own destruction. Perhaps that is what Mr. Wells meant.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. William Blackmore on making

Winter Whoopee in the Waves

I'M not as young as I used to be
Near four score years ago,
But then, again, I am not as old
As many a man I know;
For years just slip
From me when I trip
Each day to the beach for my daily dip.

The rain may fall and the air may bite
And the waves may toss and leap,
But ev'ry morning I'm there on time
To sample the rolling deep;
Though the winds may blow,
With a yah, ho, ho!
For my half-mile swim I gaily go!

Boilers and geysers and such-like things
No interest have for me;
While sluggards in slothful slumber lie,
I plunge in the good salt sea,
Where I splash and dive—
And I keep alive,
And hale and hearty, at seventy-five!

Why the Press should have broken into headlines about me I can't imagine. What I am doing now I have been doing for years. Yet the other morning I woke up—or rather I returned from my bathe—to find myself more or less famous as "A Hardy Old Man of the Sea."

"Not so much of the 'old'!" is what I feel inclined to say. It has been said—in fact, never a day passes without 7,962 purveyors of platitudes saying or writing it—that a man is as old as he feels, and when I emerge from my daily swim I certainly don't feel half as old as the hills.

In any case, I haven't asked for publicity for what, after all, is a private pleasure. I am not out to compete with those well-advertised bathers who break the ice on the Serpentine, in the presence of resentful Press photographers who have been dragged from their beds to take pictures of the stirring ceremony.

My daily dip is taken in the relative obscurity of Ilfracombe. I just wade in from the beach, strike out for the local pier, a quarter of a mile away, and then swim back. But before setting out I take a cold bath at home, as this, I find, prevents me getting "soft."

These are the cold—er—I mean plain facts, and I don't see anything to make a fuss about. It is not as if I were trying to swim the Channel—a feat I have no intention of attempting, as it seems to me that in the summer nowadays the Channel is unduly congested with "plucky typists" and others engaged in competing with divorced film stars and giant mangel-wurzels for a place in the news.

I am content to enjoy myself in my own waves, and if my example has brought home to others the joys of winter sea-bathing, I am more than satisfied. That I have aroused something of the old Viking spirit in at least one breast is shown by an inspiring poem which reached me only to-day:

Dear Sir,—I read about you as I lay in bed to-day,
And to my nostrils came the smell, the strong, salt smell of spray;
And, in imagination, as I sipped my morning tea,
I saw myself in Devon, plunging bravely in the sea.

The breakers broke about my head, but with a merry scoff
I battled on (in doing so I kicked my bed-socks off);
The keen air nipped my naked flesh, the wind my body braced—
Until my second cup of tea seemed salty to the taste!

Oh, how I envy you, whom am a slave, kept here in town!
My envy grew and grew what time I pulled the elderdown
About myself and brooded on your healthier, happier lot—
And dreamed of icy buffets while the bath was getting hot!

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Recent tests made by a famous hospital scientist reveal some astonishing new facts about the digestion of food.

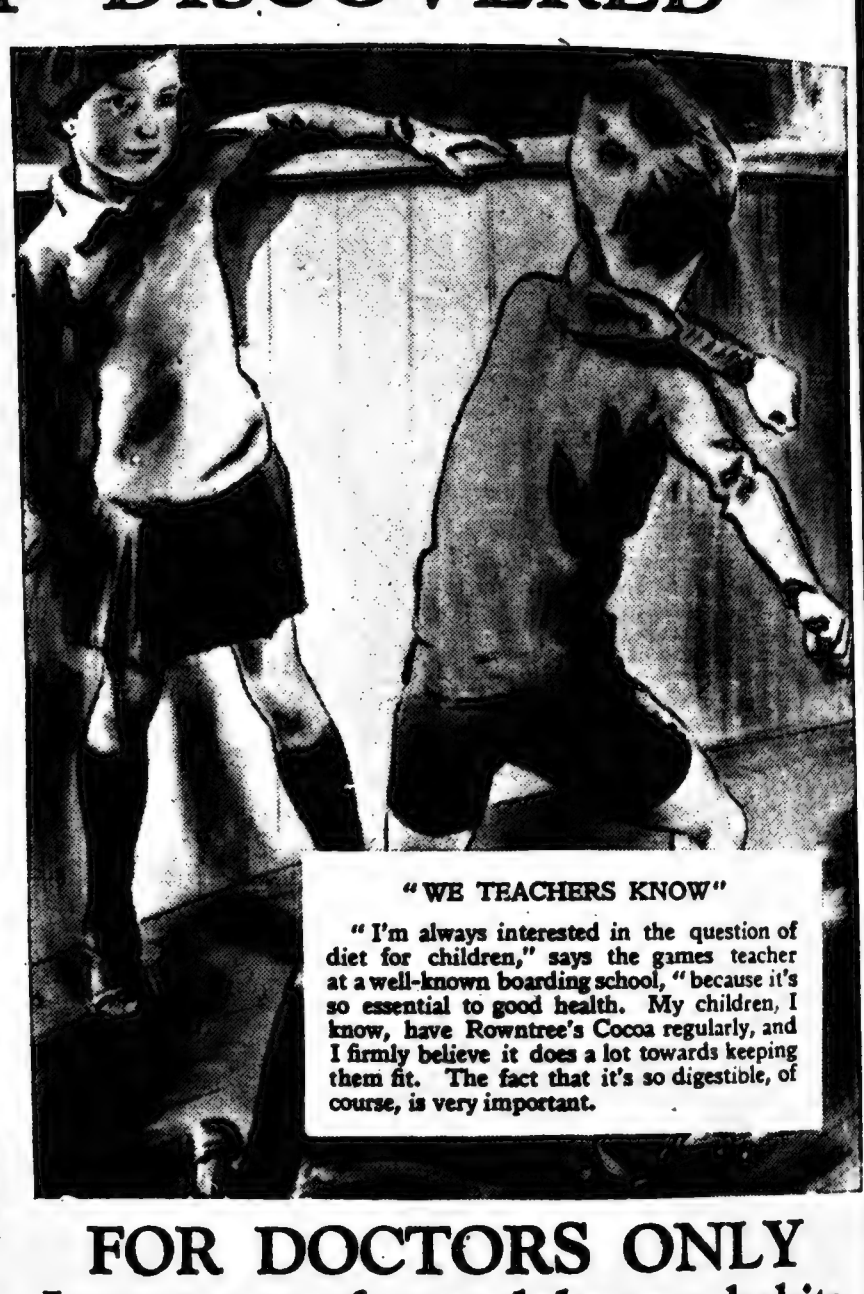
It was found that some of the beverages we drink with our meals often have an unfavourable effect on the digestion of food. It was proved, further, that Rowntree's Cocoa has amazing digestive qualities hitherto quite unsuspected.

These tests proved, beyond doubt, that Rowntree's Cocoa is perfectly digestible itself. But more important even than this—it was found that this cocoa actually has the effect of helping you to digest more easily the other food you eat along with it.

Astonishing indeed—especially when you think what this means for children. Rowntree's Cocoa is an aid to digestion—and in addition helps children to get more good from their other food.

Make this cocoa the regular supper-time beverage for the children. Light and digestible, yet satisfying—it's perfect for a before-bedtime drink. And, remember, Rowntree's has a particularly delicious flavour—everybody loves it.

In ¼-lb. and ½-lb. tins at 6d. and 11d., with free gift coupons.



"WE TEACHERS KNOW"

"I'm always interested in the question of diet for children," says the games teacher at a well-known boarding school, "because it's so essential to good health. My children, I know, have Rowntree's Cocoa regularly, and I firmly believe it does a lot towards keeping them fit. The fact that it's so digestible, of course, is very important.

FOR DOCTORS ONLY

Importance of pre-adolescent habits

Whilst doctors, of course, know the importance of establishing sound habits of digestion in children up to and during the time of adolescence, many mothers, realising the necessity of giving children healthful, nourishing meals, do not always appreciate the varying degrees of *digestibility* in food. This applies not only to food, but to the beverages often given to children.

There is one very important difference between a food and a beverage. While both produce an acid secretion in the stomach, in the case of food the acidity is removed to a large extent by adsorption — this "buffering" process acts at once on the digestive system and helps on the digestion of the food. The acidity produced by most beverages, however, remains free and unbuffered in the stomach, and may lead to various forms of disorder.

Now this new discovery by a well-known scientist proves that Rowntree's Cocoa acts on the digestive system in exactly the same way as a food. To find a beverage with this digestive quality of food is a discovery of immense importance. This new knowledge should be given to everyone, and particularly to mothers of growing children.

Members of the medical and nursing profession desiring the scientific evidence on which these statements are based will be sent particulars on request. Write to the makers, Rowntree and Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.6, York, giving qualifications.

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Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane

Now show us HOW to LIVE

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am glad that the reason for your ceasing to be a doctor is, in a sense, a protest against the strange idea of the General Medical Council that you, and people like you, should not write for newspapers.

One doctor, a friend of many years' standing, was removed from the medical register, not long ago, because he had dared to write an article for JOHN BULL.

You, realising that you can do more good to the world by advising millions of the way to keep healthy than by sitting in a small room and telling some silly man to take a pill and then some silly woman to go to the Riviera, have removed yourself—and you have done it at the age of seventy-six!

You have done it gracefully, not with a challenge. This more suits the quietude of your manner than would any brutal word.

But you have driven, anyway, another nail in the coffin of professional reticence. "I want to be free to fight disease," you say.

Go on writing articles telling the world that its rule of life is all wrong. They will do many people a lot of good.

Mind you, I do not read them. I do not think I have ever read one in my life. But then, health is a thing I like for other people.

If I felt healthy myself, I don't think I could work. I should become bovine like a cow, and chew the cud all my life. Or I should want to dash off and kick a ball, or shoot a bird, or cheer an actor, all through sheer exuberance.

* * *

Sometimes I wonder what all this health business is. I smoke cigarettes all day. Often I go without food for twenty-four hours at a time. I've only eaten lunch three times in the last three months. I have addressed four big public meetings in one day without touching food. I haven't had one day off for seven years—and I work seven days a week.

I don't like doctors. I know that if I went to one he might cut off my leg, whereas if I went to another he would tell me to take a sea voyage, lest I went mad in three months. He would not know, but I went mad years ago.

Still, health is good for other people. It keeps them contented. It makes them diet. And I think dieting is fine. There would be nothing to talk about if some woman did not say, "Oh, I'm banting now," or "I lost two pounds yesterday."

Some of them go and eat oranges all day, and some of them go and eat nuts all night.

The trouble about it all is that you and your kind are making people live longer. And, as the world is supposed to be over-populated already, the longer you make them live the less food there will be, because the more people there are, you see, the more food they will grow and, by a strange consequence, there will then be less food to eat.

I don't understand it, but that's how it works.

The world is changed. When I was a boy and one of us had measles, all the rest were put in the same room to catch the measles so that we could all get over it. None of us died—in spite of the senna tea.

* * *

We never talked about health, and dieting was unknown. The doctor was merely called in when a baby was coming.

Well, now the doctors have abolished Age. The grandmothers look younger than the girls. We used to be too old at forty. Now we are too young at sixty. There are too many of us, anyway.

I think the best thing to do about illness is to forget it.

When I am ill, it means that somebody says to me one day, "Have you got a cold?" Then I notice I have just blown my nose. "I suppose so," I reply—and that is the last I hear of it.

Yet all these strong-men people who work around me stay away with a toe-ache, or because they sneezed once. They have been reading about health.

Well, my dear doctor, you have, if your own theories are true, years of bursting vitality still before you. As no longer will you be allowed, not being a doctor now, to order a pill, or prescribe a powder, come right out of the rut from which you have emerged more than almost any of your kind. Keep on insisting that a nation's health is only to be found in universal happiness, and that disease is really born in the ignorance of people's minds. Animals are not ill because they never think of it.

Then tell the world, too, that healing is not a trade union secret of people who have been to one medical college, or who learned the rules as they were twenty years ago.

Tell them that there are in the world all sorts of unregistered doctors—you are one yourself now—who understand herbs, who have secrets of curing unknown in Harley Street or, if known there, despised, and that there is much more virtue, really, in some much-scorned old woman's remedies than in the brass plates of the specialists.

* * *

Knock the cranks in your own profession!

The sun-ray men are all mad on sun-rays. The orange eaters are all mad on oranges. And the surgeons are all mad on operating. Once they used to cut out all our tonsils. Now that we haven't any they think that our gall bladders ought to go. But, for heaven's sake, do not make us live too long. Most of us live too long now.

Most of us do enough damage in the world in the few years that we now live. I dread to think of the harm we should do if, by taking your advice, we all lived to be as old as Methuselah.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Dr. C. A. ALINGTON,
Headmaster of Eton

DEAR DOCTOR,—Whether the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton or not, it must be gratifying to you to see your boys tackling the problems of peace as wholeheartedly as their predecessors went to war.

By devoting their leisure to schemes for helping the local unemployed, they prove that they're being well trained for the battle of life.

Floreat, Etona!

JOHN BULL.

Dr. BARRIE LAMBERT,
Chairman, L.C.C. Health Committee

DEAR MADAM,—The wisdom of appointing a woman to the arduous post you hold is shown by your treatment of the children in institutions under your care.

You have abolished the ugly uniforms so long associated with little paupers and charity children, and made the youngsters proud and happy, instead of shamefaced and discontented, by clothing them in bright dresses which cost no more.

Delightfully simple, and delightfully womanly!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. WELLESLEY ORR,
Manchester City Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—I can understand your annoyance when, having granted a certificate of legal aid to a prisoner, his relatives went over your head and appointed a solicitor.

But the man who made this mistake was an overwrought son whose father was charged with murder. So I'm wondering if you weren't too severe in withdrawing the certificate and ordering the family—a working-class one—to pay the costs of the defence.

It's easy to make mistakes in such hours as this. Don't you agree, now that you've thought it over?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. SOWERBY,
Hull

DEAR SIR,—I don't blame you any more than the other medical men who have had dangerous drugs and poisons stolen from their cars. But why on earth haven't you—and they—taken more care of them?

To leave such things where they can be snatched by any passing crook, child or fool is culpable neglect.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. B. SHAW: You tell us you've been addressing meetings for 48 years. Then you say that public speaking should be made a criminal offence. For your sake, I hope it isn't.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WM. FOSTER TODD,
Deputy-Mayor of York

DEAR SIR,—Publicly twitting the R.S.P.C.A. because some of its members objected to a lion being whirled round the "Wall of Death" in a car, you said the lion seemed to enjoy the experience.

You suggested that the people who complained didn't know anything at all about the animal's feelings. But do you? Or anybody else?

JOHN BULL.

IVY COE,
Berkeley Road, Gravesend

DEAR IVY,—I see you are described as "a diminutive schoolgirl aged eleven." To me you are a little heroine with all the strength of character that makes great women.

When your playmate was drowning in the river, you fearlessly dived in and kept her afloat until assistance arrived.

You may well be proud of your Royal Humane Society's certificate, and I'm proud to place you on my roll of JOHN BULL girls.

JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF LONDON,
Fulham Palace, London, S.W.

DEAR BISHOP,—If your eloquent sermon in praise of hope does anything to combat the prevalent pessimism and gloom, you will have done much to build a better world.

For hope, as you said, is not only a great Christian virtue, but the best helper to peace. You added that it is by the inspiration of the young, and perhaps by their hope, that the world will be saved.

Well, hope is the biggest aid to inspiration and the will to succeed.

JOHN BULL.

The Very Rev. R. T. TALBOT,
Dean of Rochester

DEAR SIR,—It's true, as you say, that bad preaching has done a great deal of harm to the Church.

But I fear you are too late with your suggestion that congregations should tell their clergy they will stay away if sermons do not improve.

They did that long ago, and the clergy have only themselves to blame for the empty pews which you deplore to-day.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. B. NORTON,
Chairman, Bournemouth Magistrates

DEAR SIR,—Many magistrates have said that only heavy sentences will stamp out the growing wave of shop-lifting. Apparently you don't agree.

For a woman appeared before you and pleaded guilty to four charges of stealing from stores. She was in regular work, and had a banking account running into four figures. Though she had been previously convicted, you fined her £5 in each case.

Do you really think that such fines will inconvenience her?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN FRANCIS,
Trecherbert, Glamorgan

DEAR JOHN,—Now you are retiring after sixty years in the mine, you'll have time to look around at the happy families that are living memories to your courage and high sense of duty.

For in 1907 you saved, single-handed, fifty lives in a pit explosion before being overcome by after-damp and crawling away exhausted.

May your sunset be long and happy. You deserve it.

JOHN BULL.

ALBERT E. PERRY,
Newcastle-under-Lyme

PERRY,—A self-confessed blackmailer, you were lucky to get off by being bound over at Stafford Assizes.

I can't understand the mentality of a man attempting to make use of the misdeeds of a daughter-in-law to demand money with menaces from her.

But neither can I understand why a judge should deal leniently with such a man.

JOHN BULL.

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SPARE TIME £ £ £'s. Wishing won't bring you more money, but "the machine that makes money" can be yours! See page 2.

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JAY'S FREE CAT.—A handsome guide to furnishing, and partics of their easy payment system will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 23. Write for this at once!

HODGSON'S illus. Cat. of Carpets, Rugs, Bedding, etc., is offered on p. 40.

WRITE to-day for a copy of Drane's wonderful Xmas Number, full of bright stories and free gifts for all customers. It is free and post free. Simply fill in the coupon on p. 10.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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the Present with a Future!
"Give Platignum gifts" this Xmas is wise counsel, for money thus spent is money well laid out.
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Two particularly apt gifts are illustrated here—your Stationer can show you many more, variously priced.
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2/6
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A CRANE PIANO FOR 13/6 down. See p. 12. Free Cat. No. 240 brings full partics.

READERS' attention is drawn to the LISSEN RADIO offer on easy terms on p. 29. Fill in coupon for free copy of 1/- Chart illustrating the "Skyscraper" Kit Set.

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TEA.—Have you tried Portway Digestive Tea? Highly recommended. Send 6d. for 2-oz. sample. Other tea at competitive prices. Agents wanted. PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

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RUPTURE. Read about the new Blunden Appliance described on page 2. You are offered 7 days' free trial.

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NURSES and doctors can obtain scientific evidence of the dietary value of ROWNTREE'S COCOA.—Write, giving qualifications, to Dept. J.B.6, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 12.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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HAVE you had your free copy of the SUNMAID Recipe Booklet? Write now to Dept. J.B.20, Producers' Internatl. Sales Assn., Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See p. 24.

$14 CASH Prizes. £50 first and many others. Turn to the "Diploma" Limerick Competition on p. 27. Send in your entry NOW.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER. A large tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is offered on p. 27. Fill in coupon and PIN a 1½d. stamp

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FREE.—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. 11T), Norwich, for a copy of their Egg Register as offered on p. 22.

BABY-CLOTHES
CHARMING HOME MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE
30/-
(Everything necessary and ready for use.)
75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lovers or Wincey, Day Gowns, Flannelette, Wrapper, Vests, Bath Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Jacket, Bonnet, Boots, Cradle, Blankets, Pockets, Large Fleet Napkins, etc.
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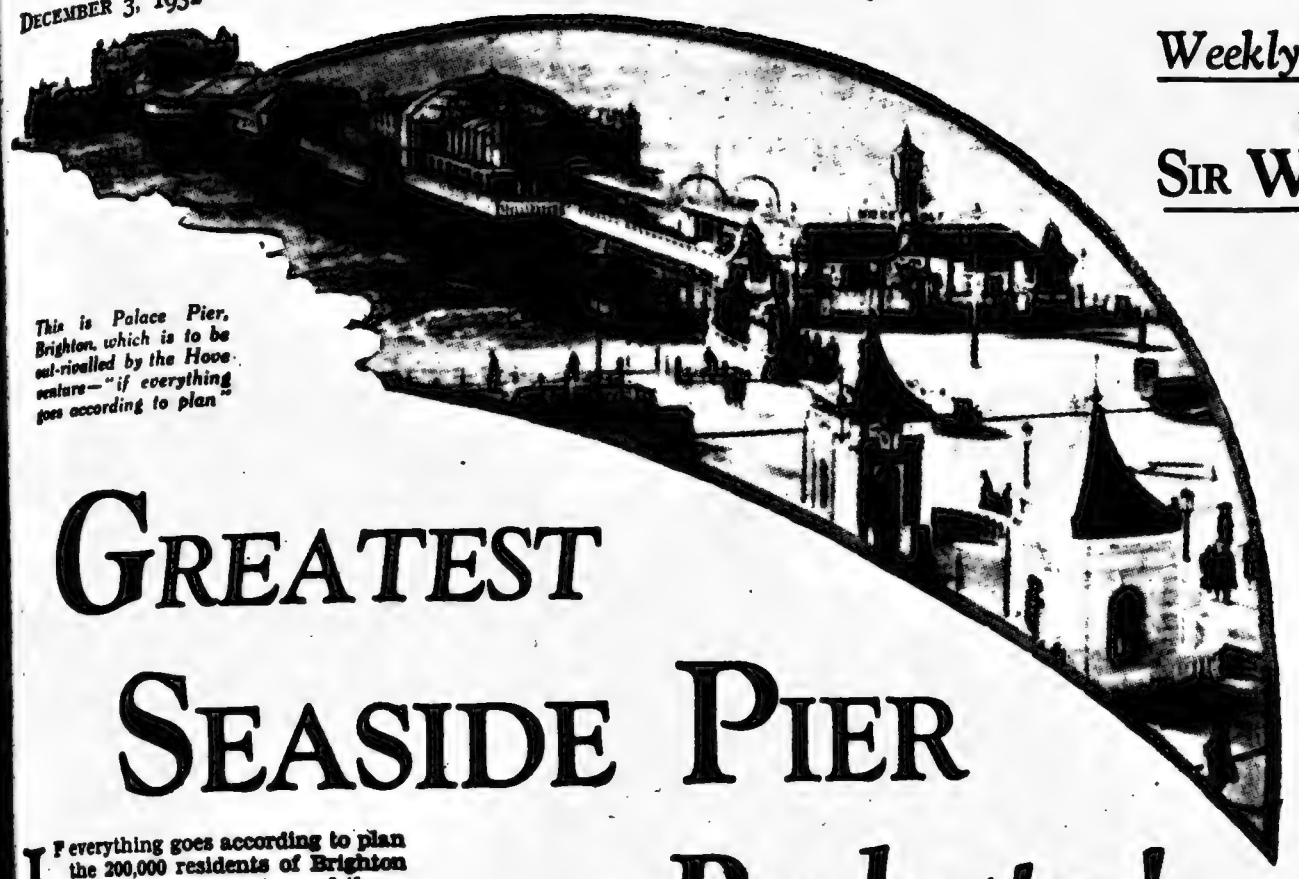

This is Palace Pier, Brighton, which is to be out-rivalled by the Hove venture—"if everything goes according to plan"

Weekly Informations from

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

GREATEST SEASIDE PIER —Perhaps!

IF everything goes according to plan the 200,000 residents of Brighton and Hove, and the tens of thousands of holidaymakers and tourists who find these two famous resorts ever popular, are one day to be favoured with an amazing spectacle.

A mammoth pier, equipped with the most modern of all amusement devices, will jut out into the sea from the Kingsway end of Hove in proud superiority to, and in keen rivalry with, the two famous piers already established at the Brighton end of the long esplanade which links the towns.

The scheme, which is the greatest yet contemplated in connection with any seaside resort, is being undertaken by a company called the Hove Pier Theatre and Kursaal Co., Ltd., of 6, Broad Street Place, London, E.C.2. Plans, it is said, are now complete.

I have no doubt that the scheme is a very attractive and artistic one.

But I opened this article with the word "if" deliberately, because an examination of this scheme at the request of a reader has raised several points which, quite frankly, puzzle me.

The secretary and most active director of the new company is a Mr. Henry Alfred Amos, of 18, Oakhurst Grove, East Dulwich, S.E., whose business address is the office in Broad Street Place which I have already mentioned.

Historic banquet

Mr. Amos, I find, was very much in evidence at a dinner given in July last at the Hove Town Hall, where several people of eminence were invited to inaugurate the scheme.

A gentleman who graced the chair revealed his obvious faith in the project by saying that he regarded it as of such moment that, if he had not been present at this meeting, he would have felt that he had missed an historic moment. It meant "Hove's awakening," he declared.

He was not, of course, alluding in any way to the financial side of the venture.

Mr. Amos made a most impressive speech, asserting that there would be nothing to equal the new pier in the world.

Briefly, £350,000 was to be expended upon it. It was to be erected with reinforced concrete. The length would be 1,450 ft., and it would be 90 ft. wide at its narrowest point and 300 ft. wide at its broadest.

Everything was to be carried out on a luxurious scale. There were to be concert halls, gymnasiums, a kursaal, sunbathing parlour, cocktail bars and buffets and a restaurant with accommodation for 3,000 diners.

Gay lights

Among various other provisions there would be sixty shops surrounding the theatre and special landing stages for coastal and local steamship services.

Five hundred men would be found permanent work for two years, and so on. . . . Indeed, I can imagine that the proprietors of existing piers must have trembled in their shoes at this glowing description of the formidable pleasure-palace rival that was being planned.

A scale model of the greatest pier of all time was available for the inspection of the enthusiastic guests. It bristled with attractive pavilions; tiny pennants fluttered from its miniature flagstaffs; a steamer lay moored at a landing stage and the whole model was ablaze with gay lights.

With the impressive rhetoric of Mr. Amos and his supporters at this Town Hall dinner I need not deal at length. But I am particularly interested in one statement he made concerning the financial side of the project.

"There will be no appeal to the public for money to carry out the work," he said. "We are fortunate in being able to find the money privately."

A remarkable document recently came into my possession.

Although it is marked "Private and confidential," it is drawn up in every way to resemble an ordinary company prospectus.

It was obviously completed after the historic dinner I have mentioned, for it not only contains impressive reports of the speeches, but also furnishes details of subsequent happenings.

A feature of this prospectus-like document is an illustration of the proposed new pier, in addition to which the aims and objects of the company are elaborately set forth.

There is a definite statement that, apart from £200,000 to be secured by debenture stock on the company's assets, £180,000 is to be provided by the issue of shares.

Profits, after all expenses have been allowed for, are estimated at £34,000 a year.

Dormant until—

The document before me was actually issued by a company called the Tunbridge Wells Investment Trust, Ltd., which has latterly offered to sell shares in the pier venture in blocks of fifty at 20s. 3d. a share.

Now, for reasons I shall give presently, I strongly urge all my readers —for the present, at any rate—to ignore this and any other offers in this respect.

Firstly, the company has been in existence since 1913 and, until it fell, comparatively recently, into the hands of Mr. Amos and his co-directors had never functioned beyond incurring a few small liabilities.

About two years ago, I have discovered, the then directors were experiencing trouble with the Board of Trade Companies Department because of delays in rendering essential returns.

One letter of explanation to the Registrar contains a statement that is astounding in the light of certain facts now before me.

In 1930, apparently, an amazing thing happened. The then directors handed over the more or less dormant company to other and, if I may say so, more skilful hands.

An agreement was signed between them and a Mr. Howard, of the Cresset Trust, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C., under which the latter was to have full control of the company's affairs "with the object of raising capital for the future work of the company."

I do not suppose they knew it, but by this step the old directors, who dropped out soon afterwards, handed the company to a firm of expert share-pushers!

The Cresset Trust is a notorious organisation which has figured in numerous share escapades and has been constantly criticised in financial circles.

What part has been played by it in the later stages is not certain, but I do know that the new directors appeared on the scene a few months after this agreement was signed.

Now, the document I have mentioned, not being a prospectus, does not contain the specific figures and details which any sensible person would naturally expect to see before making an investment.

There is, for example, no information given as to the precise situation and value of the site for the proposed pier; nor any specific details of contracts or the names of any contractors.

There is no independent opinion of the various technical problems which are certain to arise, while any expert view as to the profit-making possibilities of the scheme is completely absent.

Other schemes

Although Mr. Amos confidently announced at the historic banquet that work would definitely start in October last, not a brick has been laid and no active work of any kind has been done.

Nor are the only available statements of accounts filed with the company's records very inspiring.

According to the latest returns registered at Somerset House, this concern, with its mammoth projects, has a paid-up capital of only £4,460.

Yet, since the company fell into more enterprising hands nearly £32,000 worth of shares have been issued "for services rendered."

Another reason why I think caution necessary concerns Mr. Amos himself. He has latterly been actively associated with several amusement companies which have been of a somewhat disastrous character.

One is called the Property Universal Securities Corporation, Ltd., in which several investors have lost money and which is now in liquidation.

Linked with this were companies which were floated to exploit the kinems side of the amusement world.

Some have only floated debts!

In all these circumstances I should require far more details than are provided by the documents which have latterly been emanating from a share-selling organisation.

Even then I would hesitate before paying 20s. 3d. for shares that are unquoted on the Stock Exchange in a company that has not yet started a business originally schemed in pre-war days!

A Christmas Privilege

JOHN BULL readers will this week be sending in their vouchers in their hundreds of thousands for the Guinea Presentation New Standard Encyclopædia which was offered in this paper some time ago.

In view of the fact that our readers will qualify just before Christmas, JOHN BULL has produced a De Luxe Edition of unusual beauty and wishes every reader to take advantage of the additional privilege extended to them of securing this beautiful volume

This edition is bound in brown, figured art leather and it contains a number of full-page plates in colour and monochrome. It is a book that will make a really handsome Christmas present, either for yourself or for your friend.

Many thousands of readers have already taken advantage of the opportunity to secure a De Luxe Edition, and from the letters of appreciation received it is obvious that our readers regard this edition as something too good to be missed.

Where It Comes From

A special Christmas issue of *The Passing Show* will be out to-morrow, Friday, December 2.

Take a peep behind the scenes of Yuletide preparation in the enthralling new series, "Where Christmas Comes From."

J. B. Priestley, author of "The Good Companions," allows you to read his diary. A brilliant company of fun-makers will make you roar with laughter.

Here indeed is a really good twopenny-worth. Be sure you get a copy.

Final Announcement

INVITING READERS OF "JOHN BULL" TO SECURE

The Holy Bible

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TO-DAY for the very last time "John Bull" extends to its readers the unprecedented Bible offer made in aid of Charing Cross Hospital—an offer which all are urged to seize before it is too late.

Already thousands of "John Bull" readers have seized this magnificent opportunity and have expressed delight at the amazing value. Many of them are securing these beautiful Bibles as Christmas gifts—two, four and even more at a time being ordered at these special prices. And a large number also are selecting the beautiful colour illustrated De Luxe Edition specially recommended by "John Bull."

You, if you act at once, can secure your copy, or copies, of this magnificent Bible at the remarkable special prices offered. But you must use your special price order form NOW or you will be too late.

In order that everyone may enjoy the opportunity to secure these beautiful volumes for Christmas, and to help Charing Cross Hospital in its noble work of healing, "John Bull" is again extending to its readers the opportunity to secure either of these beautiful editions on the special convenient plan set out here. The Special Application Form and Voucher which entitles you to secure these beautiful Bibles at these unprecedented prices, **must be received by Thursday, December 8th. This date is later than the general closing date of this offer—a few days' extension for the receipt of orders by post having been secured by "John Bull" as a special concession for its readers. This is, therefore, the final announcement and no further application forms will appear.**

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JOHN BULL
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A GRAVE Hospital Problem

EVERY newspaper reader must have observed with sad interest last week the account of the deaths within half-an-hour of each other of Lieut.-Col. Spencer Mort and his wife.

Colonel Mort was medical superintendent and surgical director of the North Middlesex County Hospital, Edmonton.

At the coroner's enquiry it was found that both he and his wife died from natural causes, the woman from shock produced when she found her husband lying dead in his room.

On one point no evidence was offered at the inquest. It was regarding Colonel Mort's condition in the days immediately preceding the double tragedy.

The truth is that he was borne down by professional worry and trouble, and the reason for his great stress of mind is one which should be made widely known.

Renowned

The Colonel was a brilliant surgeon, intensely devoted to his profession, and he was renowned for his pioneer researches in connection with radium treatment for cancer.

What surgery and medicine have lost by his death may, however, represent a gain in another direction if only the authorities come into the open and reveal everything that happened in the week before Colonel Mort died.

There is no reason why the public should not be informed upon the matter in the fullest detail. A grave problem has been raised by the incidents which took place just before the tragedy, although these incidents and the death of the surgeon and his wife are merely links in a chain of coincidences.

The authorities would, in fact, be rendering a national service if they disclosed the full story of recent events in connection with North Middlesex Hospital.

What has been happening there is believed to be going on in almost every county and borough of Britain. It goes to the roots of the question of the conditions of employment in the public services and directly concerns in particular the conduct of our hospitals and the welfare of their patients.

Cruel attacks

There are always cowards ready to slander the dead. Thousands of them have apparently been engaged in their nauseous work since Colonel Mort died so suddenly, and so intensive and cruel have been their attacks upon the memory of this honourable man that the authorities have had to issue a denial of the charges so recklessly made.

Particularly is it denied that a day or two before his death Colonel Mort was reprimanded in connection with fees said to be derived from alleged private practice.

Let it be said, however, that there are few people who would have thought any less of Colonel Mort if he had sought to obtain additional income from private practice, although that was impossible because he gave all his waking hours to the care and cure of the sufferers in the great hospital—one of the largest in the country—of which he had charge.

It surely cannot be said that emoluments amounting to only £1,700 yearly were too high a reward for a surgeon of his distinction, ability and zeal.

But to what extent did Colonel Mort disregard the orders of the authorities and countenance members of his staff engaging on work outside their official duties?

And to what extent is this being done all over the land?

In the answers to these questions, which the Middlesex authorities should give at once so far as they are affected, lies the guarantee of the efficiency of the British hospital services.

If surgeons and physicians who are full-time officers of our hospitals are allowed to undertake private practice after their official tours of duty, do they lessen their professional value to the institutions which employ them and can they give the degree of skill to the treatment of the hospital patients which is required of them?

Is their efficiency impaired by the extra work?

Persistent rumours

This is a serious matter for the hundreds of thousands of people who every year pay for hospital ministration or whose maintenance and treatment is paid for from public or voluntary funds.

For weeks before Colonel Mort and his wife died there had been a ferment of rumours regarding the fine hospital which he directed.

Most of these reports, JOHN BULL has found, owed their origin to discoveries made by the auditors when examining the books of the Middlesex County Council and the local Public Assistance Committee.

The auditors observed a series of payments made by the coroner to certain doctors who had been members of the permanent staff of the North Middlesex hospital for their professional assistance at inquests, such as fees for post-mortem examination and the like.

Lt.-Col. Spencer Mort, whose death brings to light some happenings which the authorities should fully explain

The auditors could not trace the return of the money to the local authority, to whom, they held, it should have been paid.

Thus was raised the whole question of the receipt of perquisites by public officials engaged primarily for hospital duties.

Crisis

No publicity has until now been given to the discoveries so made or to the subsequent events which were followed by the deaths of Colonel Mort and his wife at the very crisis of the situation.

In fairness it must be said that the doctors concerned did nothing wrong or unprofessional. Colonel Mort was aware of these and other things and all the practices had his tacit recognition.

We understand that the committee which had the task of enquiry insisted that all money earned by the doctors apart from their official emoluments should be paid back in full.

One doctor has just resigned as a matter of principle.

Not revealed

As in North Middlesex, so it has been, there is reason to believe, in practically every area of Britain.

Boards of guardians, until two years ago, had allowed hospital doctors to augment their incomes without hindrance, and it has been inevitable since the former Poor-Law administration was replaced by a more severe and centralised form of government that the matter and its possibilities and consequences to the public should be sifted.

This was thoroughly done in the case of Colonel Mort's administration, and although it has not so far been publicly revealed that he was overwhelmed by worry in the days before his death, his end was undoubtedly precipitated by the enquiry which he faced.

His wife shared his anxieties and the circumstances in which she died can be well understood.

Far-reaching

From the question of the private remuneration of hospital doctors for post-mortem and inquest work, there emerged in the North Middlesex investigation the much wider and more serious problem of their position in relation to private practice.

JOHN BULL does not propose to discuss the many aspects of this subject, particularly as it would be unfair to single out one great hospital like the North Middlesex when the practice is believed to abound in the institutions of the country.

A few days before his death Colonel Mort had been made to understand in the most definite terms that the practice must not be recognised in his hospital.

A far-reaching issue of national importance is involved and the tragedies of two deaths now focus attention upon it.

The Human Machine

ALL WRONG

THE other day a young man, who, so far, has tried many things and done none of them well, said: "I know I seem lazy and weak-willed, but the truth is that none of the jobs I've tried interests me If I could only find something that I could be interested in, I'd work at it as hard as anyone else. I know my own character so well. I've got to be interested before I can make an effort."

No one ever exposed his ignorance more fully than this young man—his ignorance of psychology, of life, of the world in which he is supposed to be living, of himself. Every word he uttered was the grossest of gross fallacies.

If we could all choose our jobs without let or hindrance, without any thought of the economic pressure that drives most of us, willy-nilly, into the nearest task that will provide us with bread and butter, it is doubtful if there would be the general re-shuffling that many people imagine.

Countless folks would stop where they were, because through hard work and perseverance they have made themselves masters of their work and become experts. They would think twice before throwing away the interest they have so painfully and laboriously acquired.

For the truth is this—that no work is interesting when you are struggling helplessly with a mass of unfamiliar details, and fighting against what seem to you like incredible and hopeless difficulties. Interest in daily work is something that is steadily created as the details become familiar routine, and the troubles and difficulties become nothing more formidable than a daily challenge to increasing knowledge and ever more expert method.

Interest in work is the worker's reward for having learned to work swiftly and smoothly, for having learned how to bring order out of chaos, for having learned how to create.

Any job in the world can provide interest, but only if you get on top of it and master it. The workman who finds a job of work dull is the inefficient and the blunderer; and his lack of interest is the exact measure of his lack of belief in himself and his abilities.

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GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD
PROPRIETORS

Impudent Insurance Plot

IN ordinary circumstances the dead past may be allowed to bury its dead. There is reason why it should not do so in the case of William Henry Billial Quilliam, solicitor and financier.

For ten years the name of Quilliam has been anathema in thousands of homes in Britain.

All that time his company creditors have been waiting with an almost certain hope for the day when Quilliam would publicly give an explanation of his stewardship of their money. He failed them by making himself virtually a fugitive in the south of France.

But Quilliam is now back in Britain. The storm which has raged over him for a decade, he possibly believes, has spent itself.

We are not much concerned whether it has done so or not. Our look-out is upon the signs on the horizon of impending storms. There is cause for grave alarm.

Far better would it have been if Quilliam had remained on the sunlit coast of the Riviera, which has been his refuge for so long.

Disaster, unless—

The agile mind of this adventurer has found a grievous flaw in the law which ought to protect the policy-holders and the assets of insurance companies.

Already he has begun to exploit his discovery, and, whatever he may gain, it is a hundred-to-one chance that his activities will spell disaster for others if they are not checked.

Any good that could come from Quilliam's reappearance and new campaign in this country would be in the awakening of the Board of Trade to the menace he and his kind may be to the millions of people who entrust their capital or savings to insurance companies.

Quilliam has set out to acquire control of an insurance company. If he succeeds, its assets will be at his mercy for whatever purpose he has in view.

It is an astounding fact that any person or group of persons who can obtain possession of a British insurance organisation may do so without any safeguards being provided for its policy-holders against the reckless realisation of the securities which their investments represent.

Quilliam has in recent weeks been trying to put his grip upon more than one important insurance firm, but the greatest danger for the time being is in connection with a company whose shareholders have actually received offers to surrender their holdings upon terms which are incredibly generous.

Behind their backs

These shareholders are, of course, free to dispose of their shares to whom and as they please, but it is because the policy-holders of the company have no voice in a transaction of the kind and are without protection from the possible consequences that JOHN BULL must give warning about Quilliam.

We refrain from publishing the name of the company involved; to do so might damage its business and cause loss to thousands of innocent people, even if Quilliam's plan is defeated.

It is a company having as directors men of good standing in different parts of England and Scotland, who have administered its affairs soundly for its clients, although not with profit for its shareholders.

For the purposes Quilliam apparently has in mind it would, therefore, be an ideal one of which to secure control. Its shareholders might reasonably be expected to accept the offer of a price 50 per cent. above the paid-up value of their shares which is being made to them.

For the comparatively small outlay even thus required, Quilliam and his friends would have at their command more than £600,000 of assets—including £400,000 in property mortgages—and could pledge or realise these assets to suit their intentions.

The directors of the company had no knowledge that its shareholders were to be approached to sell out, and not the slightest hint was given where the funds were to come from—£60,000 at least—to buy the shares.

More important still, not a scrap of information has been given as to what, if any, protection there would be for the £600,000 of assets.

The seriousness of a position such as this need not be emphasised, particularly when it is known that the scheme is being prepared by an individual of the calibre of Quilliam.

Self-development!

Actually the steps to gain control of this insurance company have been taken by a concern named the Bartholomew Investment Syndicate, Ltd., of Dorland House, Regent Street, London, which purports to be acting on behalf of a client.

We can dismiss this so-called Investment Syndicate with the remark that it has taken the place of the International Trust, a bogus £1,000,000 company (actually worth £20), which has faded out since Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs exposed its pretensions in JOHN BULL a few weeks ago.

Behind its successor is Quilliam.

What is this man's object in returning to England to launch a raid upon certain insurance houses?

We can only answer the question by revealing the explanation he has given to the managing director of one big insurance firm which he has also set out to capture.

It is that he is the leader of a syndicate which desires to finance a contractor in France to the extent of about £500,000 to enable him to carry out important public development works in that country.

And a Swiss bank, he says, is ready to advance the money—*upon the guarantee of a responsible British insurance company.*

There you have it!

Could the contractor engaged upon

The flying financier has returned to the busy City streets with a most audacious plan—an impression of William Henry Billial Quilliam

"public development works" be Quilliam himself? Why not?

During the ten years he has preferred exile abroad to facing the music from angry victims in this country, it is as a supposed promoter of holiday townships on the Riviera that Quilliam has been continuing his adventures in finance.

Previously he had run on the rocks two concerns named the Orange River Asbestos Mines and the British Chamber of Finance, but his most terrible fiasco was Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd., which ended in a loss of £500,000 to 6,000 people. When this bubble burst, Quilliam quietly sold out his legal business in Liverpool, disposed of all his other possessions and vanished.

Paradise dreams

JOHN BULL found him on the Riviera passing as a self-styled Professor of High Finance, but all efforts to persuade him to return to face his creditors were futile.

Then he set on foot a series of imposing schemes to develop new pleasure resorts in the south of France and assiduously touted in this country—by post, of course—for investors.

He was out to create what he called the Paradise of Europe, and seriously entertained an idea that a square should be named after him in Juan-les-Pins and his statue erected there. He gloried in postcard caricatures depicting him as the Napoleon of Industry and Energy, Finance and Ideas.

Digging their graves

Under the inspiration of the magnetic Quilliam, land and property in southern France has always been about to rise vastly in value for the past ten years, peasants were always about to become millionaires, and wise investors quickly to multiply their capital five times.

It is Quilliam's boast that he arrives at his goal by rushing through a graveyard of difficulties.

He must not be allowed to dig still more graveyards in which the interests of the policy-holders of British insurance companies may be buried.

There is only one way to stop him and others with his ambitions.

It is by legislation which would make it compulsory in the event of an insurance company changing control for the funds or assets which are the mainstay of its policy-holders to be vested in trustees appointed by the courts.

A Pension at Twenty

IN an old house which leans against the grey walls of York's ancient Abbey of St. Mary's, there is a young man on whom Fortune, with a JOHN BULL Crossword prize as its instrument, has smiled very kindly.

He saw Fortune's smile

He is Mr. Christopher William Knowlson, aged twenty, of 3, Marygate, York, and through JOHN BULL there has come to him a pension of 30s. a week for the rest of his life, plus a lump sum of £300 down. This is his reward for his skill in working out the correct solution—the only one received by us in JOHN BULL'S Crossword Competition No. 186.

Mr. Knowlson is a 'bus conductor employed by the West Yorkshire Roadcar Company on various routes in the York district. He lives at home with his father, mother and sister.

His father is a tailor in a small way of business, and times are not too good with him just now, so that the additional financial help which JOHN BULL will enable Christopher to put into the family pool will be particularly welcome.

Christopher, a very studious young man, has made crosswords his hobby for the past three years—he is a teetotaler and a non-smoker—and he devotes hours to them in the evenings when he is working early "turns" and in the mornings when he is on late "turns."

His recipe for crossword success is: "You must work hard at them and send them in regularly week by week until you get the right solution."

Hard work and perseverance are absolutely essential in Christopher's view—and he has proved that his view is the right one.

"At one time or another, I have sent up solutions for most of the big crossword competitions, and I have found that those in JOHN BULL are the fairest of the lot," declared Christopher. "I am going to continue sending in solutions—I have just sent mine for this week, and may win another big prize."

Only a few weeks ago, Mrs. Knowlson said, Christopher declared that he was going to win something definitely for Christmas—something to help towards the building of a new house which the Knowlsons intend purchasing.

Though the family can hardly believe it yet, work on that new house is to begin soon.

And there is no reason why *you* should not build a new house on the solid foundation of a big Crossword cheque Lay the first brick by making up your mind to solve this evening the interesting puzzle on page 36.

A small boat puts in under cover of night—and the River Police want to know its business . . .

We M... Win ...

IS the day coming when we shall have an air police force in Britain?

There are good grounds for believing that it is.

Ever since 1923, when the "axe" fell on our Coastguard Service, smuggling has been steadily increasing. To-day it is no longer an occasional gamble. It is an organised and highly profitable business.

Last year the leakage of revenue due to smugglers is estimated to have cost the Treasury more than four million pounds. This year, owing to the new duties, smuggling has grown to such dimensions that double this figure will probably be well within the mark.

The result is that the eyes of our Customs and Coastguard Services are beginning to watch out for the air smuggler, as well as for his more familiar counterpart on land and sea.

The authorities are not without evidence that for the first time seaplanes, used by smugglers, are coming over from the Continent by night, flying without navigation lights.

Their base appears to be near Nieuport, in Belgium, and at the moment close watch is being kept for them along lonely stretches of our East Coast.

Aerial sleuths

Here there are quiet bays where the air smuggler, after shutting off his engines, can glide noiselessly down on to the sea, drop the illicit cargo done up in watertight packages, and leave a buoy to mark the spot, whence the contraband is picked up by accomplices in a motor boat.

The great numbers of aeroplanes now going to and fro across the Channel make the work of detection of the air smuggler extremely difficult, and there is little doubt that if the traffic develops on an extensive scale an air police force will be necessary to cope with it.

Such a force already exists in the United States, where the new contraband traffic has already become so profitable that Dick Grace, the famous American pilot, was recently offered 75,000 dollars for three nights' drug smuggling by air.

A similar force is being seriously considered in France.

The men whose duty it is to prevent smuggling of all kinds in Britain are highly efficient, but are too few for their task. They make about 8,000 seizures a year, and on an average bring to justice ten smugglers a day. But even this represents only a small fraction of the traffic that exists.

We have 5,000 miles of coastline which nine years ago was watched by a force of 3,000 coastguards, all picked naval ratings under the command of experienced naval officers. Now there are only some 800 of them, and the number on look-out duty is only 338—roughly, one man to every fifteen miles of coast.

The Customs and Excise officials are also inadequate for the work. Now that the new tariffs are in force, nearly every cargo brought into port has to be inspected. Consequently there are scarcely ever any Preventive Officers available to make surprise visits to parts of the coast where smuggling is suspected.

Fabulous profits

The Preventive Branch is only a skeleton force in any case, and, although its officials have a pretty accurate knowledge of where smuggling is taking place, they are powerless to stop it. At the present moment many forms of smuggling are being successfully practised.

There is the professional large-scale smuggler who owns or hires an ocean-going motor boat, schooner or smack.

Tobacco, silks, spirits, aniline dyes, cameras, watches, watch movements, saccharine, scents and wireless sets or parts are favourite forms of contraband.

It is now possible to make a profit of £350 on every £100 worth of raw tobacco bought on the Continent, smuggled into Britain and sold in London.

Tobacco smuggling has reached such dimensions this year that several cigar manufacturers have been put out of business. According to the Tobacco Workers' Union, contraband tobacco is now being sold in the country at the rate of half a million pounds worth a year.

Worthy foes

And this, it is estimated, represents only about one-tenth of all smuggled tobacco.

There is also a considerable traffic in smuggled precious stones. About 80 per cent. of the information against jewel smugglers comes from tipsters who expect financial reward. These semi-professional detectives may receive hundreds of pounds for a single tip.

The modern professional smuggler knows he is up against a close international organisation equipped with all the resources of modern science. At Ostend, Antwerp and other Continental ports frequented by smugglers there are "spotting" lights at the entrance to the harbours which pick out the names of vessels entering at night. Once a smuggler has been spotted he knows that by the following morning the name of his vessel will be in the hands of the British Customs officials.

So one of his tricks is to avoid the light by manœuvring to slip into port under cover of some large vessel that will hide him. Then, when he arrives at his destination in Britain, he can say, if he is challenged, that he has come from some other home port.

Before getting ready for his hazardous dash across the Channel or the North Sea, he has probably done a little preliminary smuggling overland. During the last three months the Belgian police have been busy hunting international smugglers who pose as motorists on holiday.

Many journeys with dutiable articles aboard have been made across the French, Dutch and German frontiers with the ultimate object of smuggling the contraband into England. In fact, the smuggling has been on such a scale that automatic barriers have had to be installed on some of the main roads so that cars can be stopped and inspected.

On the German frontier smuggling has reached literally gigantic dimensions. Contraband has been brought through by armed bands of smugglers covered by scouts and operating in military formation. Over 25,000 cases of smuggling have been reported within six months, and the captured contraband includes nineteen million cigarettes and thirty tons of tobacco.

The final dash across to England may be made at night, perhaps without lights, or in broad daylight.

The destination may be almost anywhere on the English coast, but the most favoured spots are all along the Sussex and Essex coasts, the southern coast of the Isle of Wight, and certain stretches of the Devon and Dorset coasts.

Particularly dangerous places from the coastguardsman's point of view are Maldon, Rye, Harwich, the Cuckmere, the mouth of the Blackwater, Shoreham, Folkestone, Minehead, Beer, Fowey, Selsey Bill, Shanklin, Brightlingsea and Lulworth Cove.

Buried treasure

Having arrived opposite his destination, the smuggler lays off until he gets a signal from his confederates ashore, when he discharges his cargo as quickly as possible up some convenient estuary, or into a boat which puts out to meet him.

Usually the contraband is at once loaded into a car or lorry and rushed up to London to receiving depôts. Sometimes it is hidden in a cove or buried and left for some little time

The woman traveller has learned many a trick to deceive the Customs officials

The coastguard must be more vigilant than ever now

...st ...he ...ght against SMUGGLERS

—They are costing us Millions a Year!

until it is quite certain that it is safe to remove it.

The risks confronting a gang which sets out to-day to organise a regular smuggling business are very different from those in the days when the Customs men were armed with cutlasses and mounted (if they were lucky) on horses.

The modern Preventive man uses a telephone and wireless with which to communicate with the Customs Marine Flying Squad, and he rides a motor-cycle capable of doing seventy miles an hour. Not only does he act under a miniature C.I.D. of the Customs and Excise, consisting of ten men who have spent their lives in frustrating smugglers; he has the whole organisation of Scotland Yard behind him if he needs its services.

So the cleverest smugglers, like other professional crooks, are beginning to resort to more elaborate methods.

Recently two tons of tobacco was successfully smuggled through Customs at the West India Docks some little time before a third ton, representing a dutiable value of nearly £1,000, was discovered by the thrust of a Custom's officer's "tuck-stick." The ruse adopted was this:

Tobacco was bought in Belgium and sent to Antwerp, where it was done up in small brown paper parcels at the store house of a firm which dealt in waste paper,

It was then consigned to a reputable London firm which knew nothing of the fraud, but was bought back through an agent of the firm as soon as it was safely past the Customs.

Take another instance. Early this year nine members of a gang of international smugglers were arrested in Antwerp. The ringleaders escaped. The gang operated on the Continent, in Britain and America.

Their method was simple and ingenious. They plundered cargo boats of dutiable goods while they were in port, substituting worthless materials, such as cases of bricks, so that nothing was suspected until the ship reached its destination.

Then there is the half-and-half smuggler who works by forgery. One or two of the Customs experts are now spending most of their time tracing *ad valorem* frauds, which consist of the faking of ship's documents to evade duty.

This type of fraud has increased enormously this year. Dozens of cases have been discovered in which the books of suspected firms have proved that only a part of the duty on a consignment of goods has been paid.

Recent investigations on the Continent by the secret service men of the Customs and Excise show that there is a large international organisation to smuggle spirits and other dutiable goods from the Continent to the East End of London.

New gun-runners

The method in this case is not to bring the smuggling vessel ashore, but to transfer the contraband to small motor boats under cover of darkness a few miles out from the land.

These small relay boats run "blind," make little noise, and are extremely difficult to detect. The larger vessels which feed them constantly change their courses, and put in at various ports on the way so as to hoodwink the Customs authorities.

Another form of contraband which is occupying the attention of the authorities is firearms, following the growth of the armed bandit menace in this country during the past few months.

There are several countries—Belgium and Spain, for example—where it is easy to buy firearms cheaply, and there is a ready market for them in the East End of London. The authorities believe firearms are being smuggled into Britain in pieces and stored in shops in the Dockland district. A certain gun factory in Belgium is under suspicion.

Besides the big organised gangs, there are a great many men and women who indulge in smuggling on a small scale.

First, there is an incalculable number of seamen sailing regularly to London in small cargo boats which make a voyage to Antwerp, Amsterdam, Bremen, Hamburg or Rotterdam perhaps once or twice a week the whole year round.

As they always unload at the same wharf, the seamen are soon on familiar terms with the labourers and lightermen who take delivery of the cargo.

What is simpler than to drop a parcel of two or three hundred cigars, or a bottle of spirits or perfume over the side of the ship into the hands of a lighterman, who at once hides the contraband on his barge, where it is practically certain that no Customs official will ever pry?

The barge is loaded and towed to a private wharf. No risk of detection here! The lighterman quietly sells the parcel, making a profit of two or three pounds, and shares out with the smuggler when he meets him a few days later to receive another parcel.

Every Customs man and river policeman know that this sort of petty smuggling is carried on wholesale, yet it is almost impossible to prevent it.

There is also reason to suppose that contraband is now being boldly run up the Thames into the heart of London in small, fast motor-boats.

There are only six river police launches on duty between Gravesend and Westminster, slow, low-powered boats which are easily avoided.

Amateur smugglers

Another recruit to the ranks of the smugglers is the sporting young man with a taste for adventure, who thinks it would be rather fun to pit his brains against the authorities.

He runs down to the coast in his car, and there he boards his yacht, in which he crosses to the Continent. If he is lucky he returns a couple of days later with a cargo on which £50 worth or so of unpaid duty will be to his credit when he sells.

His feminine counterpart is the woman who returns from Paris or Brussels laden with silk underwear, silk stockings or dresses, all undeclared.

The Customs estimate that 60 per cent. of passengers from France or Belgium who return with dutiable goods do not declare them. Women are frequently discovered wearing two or three sets of underwear to conceal them.

As the cost of a dress sold by a Paris firm may be anything up to fifty times the actual value of the silk, at least £10 worth of duties may be saved on a single dress.

A short time ago London traders supplied figures to the Government showing that about £300,000 a year was lost to the Customs and Excise revenue by these forms of dishonesty.

Some Paris firms will supply faked invoices to hoodwink the Customs, showing the price of a dress at a mere fraction of its true price.

Modistes' tricks

Another trick is to buy a cheap and an expensive model, transfer the tabs and smuggle the expensive one through on the invoice of the cheap one.

Smuggling by passengers of both sexes from France has recently increased to such an extent that a regular industry has developed in Paris to aid it. All kinds of appliances are openly sold to travellers to enable them to evade the Customs officials.

For instance, walking sticks and umbrellas with false handles, in which are fitted glass tubes to contain spirits and perfumery, and books hollowed out so as to form receptacles for scent and silk stockings.

One firm actually manufactures dolls and wax or wooden figures in which cigars, silk and drugs can be concealed, and another is said to be making dressmakers' dummies which are opened by secret springs.

There is no doubt whatever that Britain to-day is a greater temptation to the smuggler than ever before, and unless the traffic is to develop out of all knowledge more drastic measures than exist at present will have to be taken to deal with it.

It is penny wise that our Customs and Coastguard Services should remain as they are, while increasingly vast sums are being lost to the State in revenue.

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"John Bull" READERS' OWN STORIES—12

"A few shots from my automatic drove the rabble into the centre of the village"

I FOIL a GHOULISH TRADER WITH HEADS for SALE!

"YOU'RE a young fool to go out there," said my parents when I told them I was off to New Guinea.

"But I want to see the world," I protested.

"There are no jobs to be had in that cannibal-ridden place," I was told; but I stubbornly refused to listen to reason.

Two months later I landed at Rabaul, the capital of the Mandated Territory, a heat-blistered little settlement, nestling at the foot of a small volcano.

A police inspector stopped me when I stepped ashore from the *Matarам*.

"Have you got a job here?" he demanded, looking me over with a suspicious eye. "No? Well, you can't land," and with this he waved me back to the ship.

"But I've got a letter to the Government Secretary," I protested.

"Oh, you have; well, that's different. You'll find him at the club.

"Can you play bridge?" he enquired as an afterthought. "You can; that's lucky for you. The old man will give you a job; Madang's short of a 'fourth.'"

I hadn't the faintest idea of what he was driving at, but it was evident that my qualifications must include bridge technique.

"MADANG'S on the mainland, a lonely place, four hundred miles from here," said the Government Secretary. The District Officer's short-handed, and he asked me to send a fellow who could make a 'fourth.' Good luck, and don't forget to take your quinine regularly."

I found that I was to be a regular Pooh-Bah: clerk of native affairs, postmaster, assistant police-master, unofficial grave-digger, and the "fourth" for bridge.

"Where are the cannibals?" I asked with youthful arrogance the District Officer on my arrival at Madang.

"Up country—twenty miles—filthy crowd," he jerked in monosyllables as he cuffed a drowsy police-boy to wakefulness, and subsided into a long, cane chair

There were half a dozen whites in the settlement, two Chinamen and twenty police-boys, and it was a job to get a smile or a word out of any of them.

The only conversation took place at night, over the bridge-table, where taunts developed into furious arguments, and, on more than one occasion, blows.

There was very little other excitement outside of cards, though sometimes there was an earthquake which swayed my bungalow like a straw in a gale, or a malaria-crazed Kanaka using a trade axe in an effort to demolish house-paper (Government office).

It gradually dawned on me that I would become as morose as my colleagues if I failed to find some pastime to break the deadly monotony, so I turned to collecting native weapons, such as stone braining clubs, spears, bows and arrows and mighty carved war-shields and idols.

I was soon known to the natives as the mad officer, but nevertheless my collection continued to grow until my rooms were filled with all sorts of blood-stained weapons and fearsome-looking idols which grinned down on me from the bungalow walls—a regular devil-house.

A stick of tobacco would buy a plume of the bird of paradise, a transaction officially taboo, but unofficially winked at.

Soon there was nothing native along that part of the coast of which I hadn't got a sample, so I turned my eyes to the jungle, which hid, I knew, more strange and horrifying customs and native devil work than any other place in the world.

In order to appease my curiosity and increase my collection, I volunteered for a patrol, to gather data relating to the cannibal tribes resident in the Ramu River region.

A JOURNEY of twenty miles does not seem far to a person at home, but it's quite a different matter when you have to hack your way through dense tropic vegetation, covering at the most two miles a day, which is considered good going in New Guinea.

I had an escort of ten native police-boys, hard-bitten veterans, scared of nothing save their master's wrath. They would go to any lengths to secure a "stick-belong-tabac," a trade tobacco they use to make their foot-long cigarettes.

On the eighth day after leaving Madang, Koroke, the native sergeant, came to me in a state of great excitement.

"Look, Kus-Kus," he said, "white man stop along here."

He held out an empty bully-beef can, and the stump of a well-known brand of Turkish cigarette.

"Make camp near," he went on; "three days last time."

I was puzzled, for there was no Government man on patrol except myself.

"Who can he be?" I thought, "and what is he doing here? If he's a greenhorn then it won't be long before he makes a meal for some cannibal. I suppose I ought to find out."

The next day we reached the Ramu River, where Koroke discovered a native "pad" leading north We followed it, and a couple of hours later arrived at the ruins of a burnt village.

It was still smouldering, and save for an old "mary" (woman) wailing over a decapitated corpse, there was no sign of life.

A closer inspection revealed ten other headless bodies, a gruesome spectacle, though a sight one becomes inured to if resident long in New Guinea.

For some moments I contemplated the horrible scene, then, turning to Koroke, I ordered him to interrogate the "mary."

I was searching for the raiders' reason for not taking away the bodies; possibly the perpetrators of the outrage were head-hunters and not cannibals.

Koroke reported his conversation with the native woman. It appeared that early that morning some forty yelling fiends, members of the Goom tribe, had fallen on the village of Mbu, and carried out their work of destruction before the sleeping tribe realised what was taking place.

The fact that the Goom warriors had

(Continued on page 24)

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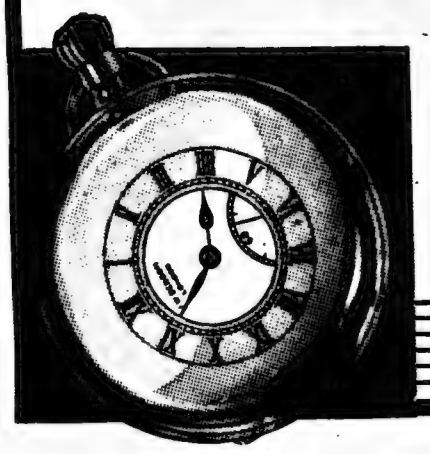

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GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

"HEADS FOR SALE"—(*Continued from page 22*)

The sight I shall never forget!

always lived peaceably with their neighbours came as a big surprise to the few survivors who escaped into the bush.

The "mary" declared that such devils she had never seen before; their eyes rolled in their sockets, and their staggering gait was evidence that they were under the influence of some powerful devil-devil medicine.

I determined to visit the Goom tribe, arrest its chief and witch-doctor, and take them back to Madang.

This was easier said than done, for there was always the danger of ambush and of the "bush-wireless" announcing our approach.

However, I was not worrying very much about the latter contingency, for the drums would give us warning of it being used, and the Mbuian survivors would certainly not tell their enemies of the coming of the white man.

THE "mary" offered to show us the trail leading to Goom, a three-hours' march. Sending an advance party ahead with instructions to keep its eyes and ears open, I started out with the rest of the boys to try to reach our destination before sundown.

The sun was dipping behind the frowning mountains of the interior when one of the advance party came running to say that Goom was only a couple of hundred yards ahead. My nerves were not too good, for I was dealing with a situation entirely new to me.

I had listened to stories of similar exploits, and I remembered the police-master at Madang telling me how to subdue a cannibal or head-hunting tribe by attacking the village from two sides, firing volleys of shots through the thatch roofs of the huts, and have the police-boys shout their most awe-inspiring cries.

I carried out the plan. Koroke with five boys circled the village, attacking it in the rear.

The head-hunters, most of whom were drunk, rushed from their huts to the opposite side of the clearing, where I was waiting for them with the remainder of my little force.

A few badly-thrown spears fell among my boys, but the glistening bayonets and a few shots from my automatic speedily drove the rabble into the centre of the village, where they huddled together for protection.

I searched the huts, and in the chief's found a tin labelled "methylated spirit."

I began to see daylight. Some white trader had been after paradise plumes in exchange for his fire-water, and apparently the head-hunters had raided the Mbuians for the plumes they possessed, and taken a few heads for their own amusement.

I handcuffed the chief to his evil-smelling witch-doctor, and gathered together the strangest curios I could find.

Then, after lecturing the tribe with signs and telling them of the terrible things I would do to them if they failed to behave themselves, I marched out of the village on my long journey back to Madang.

We were a sorry-looking party when we finally reached the little settlement. I was suffering from a mild attack of fever, and a tropical ulcer had eaten into my leg, so that for the last few miles I had been carried in a litter by six police-boys.

The District Officer listened attentively to my report, and then cursed me for risking my life and that of the police-boys.

"IF you'd been speared," he said quite seriously, "I might have had to wait months before getting another 'fourth'; you'd better stop this stupid collecting game and make up the books, which haven't been done for six months."

"Oh, by the way," he said, as I was leaving, "I've given D—— the spare room at your bungalow. He's a coast trader, and he's waiting for the *Mataram* which is calling here next week. He's a queer sort of cuss, but quite harmless."

When I had dismissed my escort, I found D—— sitting on the verandah, surrounded by a crowd of native servants.

A sallow, hatchet-faced man, his eyes and fingers betrayed his Eurasian ancestry. I took a dislike to him at once, and when he failed to rise, reminded him that the chair in which he reclined belonged to me.

He rose ungraciously, and, followed by his servants, walked majestically down the verandah to his room.

The next morning, Lamanai, my cook-boy, came running to me with wide-staring eyes. He was shaking violently, and pointing to D——'s room.

"Plenty head belong Kanaka stop inside," he gasped at last.

I sat bolt upright in my chair.

"What?" I ejaculated. "Head belong Kanaka!"

D—— had gone down to the office, so I made for his room and found the door locked.

Looking through the window I saw a sight I shall never forget. Sitting in a circle on the floor were his six servants, but what drew my startled attention was a row of skulls ov which they were modelling hum faces of clay.

When D—— returned I challenge him about it, but he only smiled.

"Just a few Kanaka heads for th museums at home," he explained, b I could see that he was alarmed.

I straightway accused him of th massacre at Mbu which he round denied. Nevertheless, I was sure he ha paid the Goom tribe to secure thos heads, and paid them in methylate spirit.

I sent for Koroke and ordered him t bring the Goom chief and witch-docto to the bungalow. In a few moment he returned breathlessly. "Kanaka go finished," he announced.

A look of relief spread across D—— face. What evidence I had before ha now disappeared in the bush.

I reported D—— to the Distric Officer, who for once took a seriou view of the matter. However, with th evidence flown, no action could b taken.

But this incident led to an amend ment of the law. The price of £1 which a Kanaka head was then worth to an agent in Australia has risen t over £100 because of a new ordinance whereby a fine of £500 and six months' imprisonment is the penalty for trading in human heads.

A Papuan head-hunter

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

ROBBED *by the* JAIL

Baby Terrence

BABY TERRENCE'S mother is in deep distress. "I have never experienced anything like it in my life," she told us. "If it was not for my neighbours, I should be dead by now."

Her husband, an ex-Service man, worked as a chef until, owing to reductions in staff, he lost his job. He was not eligible for unemployment pay, and, after seeking work in vain, he took desperate steps, and is now serving twelve months' imprisonment for breaking into an office.

He wrote to her from jail that his luck was out, and he was sorry to leave her in such a plight. Her plight is that, in addition to having Terrence, who is under two years old, she is expecting a baby in about a fortnight.

Her home was broken up, and all that is allowed her in relief is 10s. a week in food tickets. She secured a room at 7s. 6d. a week, but is without means to pay the rent. She is confident that after the baby is born she can earn sufficient to keep herself and the two infants.

This is not an idle boast, for, since the age of fourteen, she has worked, and, having good references, has never been out of a job.

Since Terrence came she has relied on her husband to keep her, and she was horrified when she learned that he had been arrested. Prior to the 10s. relief being granted, she went without food for days rather than enter the workhouse, her landlady feeding the baby.

Here is a distressed wife and an expectant mother crying for our readers' help. All donations, whether earmarked for Terrence or sent for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

NEXT WEEK:

A young girl awakens suddenly to find a man in her room—a dangerous burglar, with an ugly record, who threatens her with death if she raises the alarm.

That is the thrilling situation with which a woman reader opens her real life experience in next week's "John Bull."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

WORLD'S RADIO:—"TROPICAL report on Gramophone Records."

BANBURY ADVERTISER:—"His first job was at the age of eight years, when he received 1s. 6d. per week scaring cows."

STAPLEFORD AND SANDIACRE NEWS:—"Passenger flights daily will be given from 10.30 P.M. until dusk."

NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"A British steamer saved the LOVES of forty-eight men."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"Subsequently they attended a demonstration in the Bull Ring—all except some of them who stayed to have their FEET and their boots repaired."

CALLANDER ADVERTISER:—"It is many moons ago since ex-Councillor —— first entered MUSICAL politics."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Jones scored a fine goal after seventeen MINUTES."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"A boxer, hearing shouts of 'Stop him,' struck Allen under the SKIN with his fist."

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FOUND HER APPETITE

Yesterday she only toyed with her food—and, of course, Mother was a little concerned. But to-day, she has a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and cold milk—and just see the difference! Watch her dip right in with her spoon and enjoy every morsel.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies actually crackle in cold milk or cream. The very sound fascinates children. And how they love the flavour!

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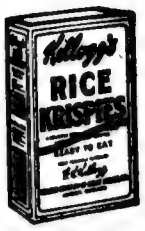

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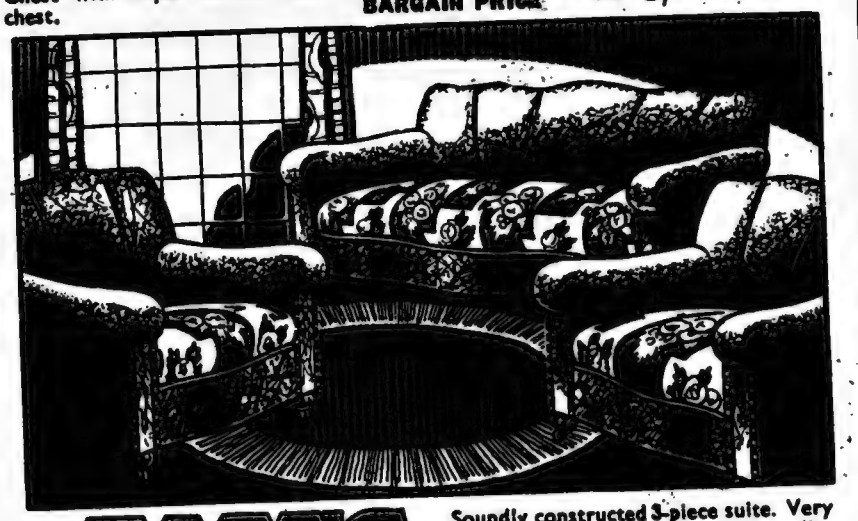

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SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ALL GROWING CHILDREN.

It is the most valuable body building and nerve restoring food known to medical science. It contains all the essential vitamins deficient in ordinary diet, and makes weakly children strong and healthy. Roboleine consists of Bone Marrow, Cream of Malt, Yolk of Egg and neutralised Lemon Juice, and has been recommended by doctors for over 25 years.

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Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing. (*Use block letters.*)

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A FATHER'S *Temptation* —DISHONESTY TO SAVE A LIFE?

IN these days, when hardship and want are so much to the fore, we are inclined to make the mistake of thinking that *all* the problems of life are confined to the poor, the unemployed, the down-and-outs.

God knows these folk often have terrible and tragic difficulties to shoulder. The letters I have quoted week by week on this page clearly prove that.

But life has its worries and troubles for people of all classes. And it is good for us sometimes to remember that fact.

Here is a problem from a man who is neither unemployed nor down-and-out. Yet he scarcely knows which way to turn.

* * *

"I am a solicitor of twenty-five years' standing," he tells me. "My married life has extended over twenty-eight years, and during most of that time my wife has been a confirmed invalid. It is no exaggeration to say her illness has cost me thousands of pounds.

"Then three years ago my partner became involved in a disreputable case, and though I had absolutely nothing to do with it, the trouble reacted upon my own work, and I lost many clients.

"Now comes the hardest blow of all. Our only child, now a girl of twenty-three, has never been robust.

"A fortnight ago she had a bad haemorrhage, and the doctors say that if her life is to be spared she will have to take a cure in Switzerland for at least twelve months But I can't afford to send her there. I am overdrawn at the bank; my insurance policy and our house are both heavily mortgaged.

"Our daughter is very precious to us, and if anything were to happen to her I think it would kill my wife.

"Now here comes the irony of the situation. I happen to have in my possession a sum of money which belongs to one of my clients who is abroad. He is not due home until 1934, and it is unlikely that he will want it in the meanwhile, as he has a permanent and official position. If I take it, as I say my work is increasing I could gradually pay it back by instalments.

"What am I to do? I confess I am dallying with the temptation."

A ghastlier shock

No, my friend, it won't do. You would never have much peace if you took that money. Think of your position if that client came back unexpectedly and demanded his money. Think of the consequences of this disgrace upon your invalid wife and delicate daughter. The shock might kill them both.

Then you say that if you took the money you would be able to pay it back by instalments, but supposing anything happened to you in the meantime? What a terrible memory you would leave behind you. No, I know the temptation is great, but for heaven's sake leave it alone.

I suggest one of two things. That client evidently trusts him. If the position were explained to him he might be willing to lend that money to my correspondent, especially as he does not seem to require it himself.

If that for any reason is out of the question, what about this? His daughter's cure in Switzerland will not have to be paid for all at once. And as his *clientele* is 'ncreasing week by week he would probably be able to meet the accounts as they fell due.

Let me remind him that the cost of treatment in Switzerland varies from two to twenty-five guineas a week. If my correspondent explains his circumstances to the doctor he may be able to recommend a sanatorium where the treatment is effective but reasonable.

Either of these suggestions is far better than the one my correspondent contemplates.

And what about my next problem? A young man writes:

"Between my fiancée and myself has appeared a shadow. I own a small one-man business, which is slowly but steadily advancing. But it will be perhaps two or three years before I can afford to marry. I could wait cheerfully, but it grieves me to see what a miserable life my fiancée leads at home.

"We are both over thirty, yet she is still treated as a child. She does not go out to work, but keeps house for her parents and four brothers. The brothers keep all they earn, and waste it. The father does likewise, and the mother's private income runs the home.

"Money is plentiful, yet my fiancée has never a penny of her own, and is only just kept in sufficient clothes to make her look presentable. She is allowed few liberties, has always to be in at a ridiculously early hour. In fact, she is simply a hard-worked unpaid servant.

"Recently the mother settled £500 on each child. The brothers have started spending theirs, but the daughter has been told she is not to touch hers until her mother's death. If she did, and we pooled our resources, we could get married straight away.

"But when I suggested this, she at once said it would be dishonest, as the money does not really belong to her yet. Am I wrong in expecting this of her? I cannot discuss the matter with her family because they won't allow her to take me to her home."

Here are some of the questions I would like to put to my correspondent:

Has that girl given a definite promise that she will not touch that £500 until after her mother's death? If so, and she breaks her word, what will happen? She would probably lose her mother's trust and become alienated from her family That would not conduce to married happiness.

Why is my correspondent not allowed

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN

HERE you see Ph Inman worrying somebody's problem. you are troubled, wants to help you. S a stamped addres envelope with y query. £1 1s. is paid each letter he quotes this page.

to visit his gi home? Is it th the parents do approve of th daughter's choi If so, he must what he can gain their con dence. When th learn to know h they may be gl to see their g happily marri and the moth willing to rele her daughter fr any promise s has made.

It may be, ho ever, that tho parents want retain that girl a family drud In that cas whilst it is d tasteful, I can s nothing for it t waiting for m correspon dent's business improve until h can afford to ke a wife.

But, apart fro that £500, whi is the bone of co tention, his fianc can help him realise that amb tion. She must n longer act as "s unpaid servant nor must she allo her people to tre her "like a child.

As a woman thirty and as th daughter of th house, she ha rights and priv leges which are he due. And I think one of them, at leas is for her parents to make her fianc welcome, unless they have some goo reason for not doing so.

* * *

My third problem reminds me of man, who, although by no means rich never turns anyone in need away fro his door. A friend said to him on day, "I suppose many of the people yo help must be impostors." He replied "I don't know. But if one out of ten is genuine, it is well worth while."

Family orange

I thought of him when I read this letter from a correspondent:

"I have always been looked upon by the rest of the family as a stone certainty where appeals for financial aid were concerned. I have always worked hard and spent little on myself. I even gave up smoking to shorten my road to independence.

"Twice have I wiped out my savings bank to keep the roof over somebody's head. The last time I swore I'd never answer any appeals for help again, as I felt it was unfair to expect me to keep on playing the family orange.

"However, I have just heard that my youngest sister, who is unmarried, is left with a baby, and the skunk who is responsible has deserted her. It's hard to refuse to help her and yet—I'll leave it to you to decide. 'Humanist.'"

I can understand my correspondent's feelings. It is rough luck that his hard-earned money should have to be expended on other folk.

But, after all, this girl is his sister, and it does not necessarily follow that he will have to help her financially. I think every effort should be made to find that "skunk" and make him shoulder his responsibility. But if that fails, that brother should certainly aid his sister in her distress.

No one ever really suffers from doing a good turn.

THE GIFT SUPREME

Christmas shoppers are fast waking up to the fact that there is only a little over a fortnight left in which to buy their presents.

As a JOHN BULL reader, an easy solution of the gift problem is offered to you.

Make use of the 2s. 6d. and 5s. Christmas Gift Vouchers which are presented with this issue and which appear on page 40. These vouchers will be accepted in part payment of the famous JOHN BULL pen and pencil sets.

No gifts could be more welcome or give more lasting pleasure. A gift for a friend or for yourself—whichever way you look at it, here is a splendid solution to the gift problem.

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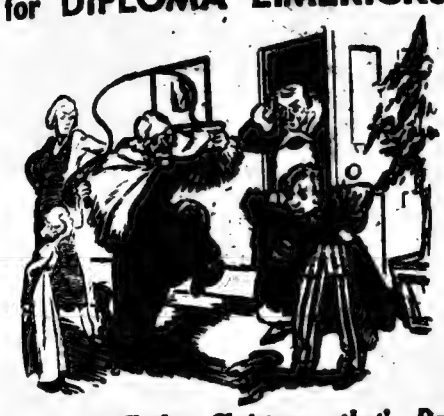

Father Christmas—that's Dad—as you know,
Got the presents all mixed up, and so
Tommy's stocking had soap
Grandmamma's, skipping rope

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

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Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor. All Prizes despatched to arrive before Christmas.

D. 242.

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"Don't look so blue
"I know the very
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"Go—suck a ZUBE"

Zubes warm you up! They stop you getting husky through cold, fog or too much smoking. Now winter's here—Zubes are best for throat and chest.

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Please seal your envelope and use a 1½d. stamp. This offer is available for residents in Great Britain and Northern Ireland *only*.

After my evening meal I always take a Manikin from my box and light up, for I find Manikins just right for that quiet half-hour we all deserve at the end of a tiring day.

The rich, ripe tobacco pleases my eye, while its delightful flavour brings me that sense of contentment I feel I deserve.

You really *should* try Manikins yourself and so find out how truly enjoyable they are. Your Tobacconist sells them in perfect condition—buy a packet on your way home to-night.

MANIKIN
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General Sir Bindon Blood's GREATEST HOUR

ON TOP OF A TIGER!

"THREE-SCORE years," says the Psalmist—adding, with what has always struck me as rather unnecessary irony, that some may reach a further span of ten years.

Well, I am well past that allotted span, and looking back over the long vista of my ninety years, there is not one hour of them all that I would not, had I my chance, live over again.

They remain as vivid, as colourful, as wholly delightful as they did at the moment they were born, and lived. I should be not only a coward but an ingrate if I did not thank Providence for each and every one of them.

Now, I must not become garrulous, or there'll be some mere stripling of sixty or so who will shake a wise head and murmur, "There you are—in his dotage—wandering right away from his point all the time!"

I have no intention of doing so, my dear sir! I've been asked to recall the *one* hour I'd like most to live over again, and when you remember that I have lived about 800,000 hours, you will realise that the task is not an easy one!

Handsome "bag"

However, I suppose that we all have tucked carefully away in that pigeon-hole we call memory some hour that by reason of its beauty, its romance, its courage—possibly its fear—we tell ourselves when we sit back in the chimney-corner, "Ah! That *was* worth living!"

My greatest hour—the hour I count the most thrilling, the most exhilarating—came to me on the swampy banks of the Ganges, well up country . . . and in the heart of the jungle country.

We were a party of three; two of us Indian Civil Service men—one the Commissioner of Meerut—and myself, a soldier then getting on for fifty.

We were out after tigers. I've always specialised in these beasts—and if I may be forgiven a small boast, I've "bagged" fifty-two. Not (in passing) that that is anything to write home about, because a great friend of mine—since dead, poor fellow—"bagged" ninety-nine.

It was the one death-bed regret he had. I was with him, and the last thing he whispered to me was, "I *wish* I could have got that hundredth beggar!"

But I really must not digress like this! Where was I? Oh yes, on the banks of the Ganges, and we were riding female elephants.

Now, the female elephant does not like tigers—hates 'em, in fact. She will not face a charging tiger, and the expert big-game hunter is well aware of that little peculiarity of hers and takes precautions accordingly.

"Finding the tiger"

We'd had one good day's sport, which included a fine tigress, and the next day we were about to move off to another section of the jungle where we knew we were almost certain to get another, when a native runner came into our camp to explain that a friend of ours just across the river, who was shooting alone, had located three tigers in a swamp close by.

We hastily broke camp, and off we went. When we got there, we arranged a plan of campaign. We each took a corner of the swamp where the tigers were thought to be, and I had a sort of rising knoll to patrol on my elephant.

At a given signal, our native beaters set to work to drive the tigers out towards where we waited: they shouted and threw sticks and stones to make the brutes shift.

Finally, one tiger lifted his head clear of the long, lank grass. One of my friends let fly . . . there was a wild howl of pain . . . and then—no tiger!

No matter what the native beaters did, the brutes would not budge an inch.

Three times we attempted to make our elephants draw near to the swamp where the tigers lay, and three times, trumpeting and squealing, they turned tail, despite their mahouts' efforts.

Finally, I said to my mahout—a man with whom I had been on many a big-game chase, and who was as brave as a lion: "We can't be made fools of like this—do you think that if we go alone, we may persuade our mount to face them?"

"I'll try, Sahib," he returned simply. So I signalled to my friends what was in the wind, and they drew away—perhaps 500 yards. Then off we started.

At the same time I had instructed the native beaters to try one last desperate effort to drive the brutes towards me—and by a lucky chance one of the missiles thrown must have hit the wounded tiger, because just as my elephant approached the clump of tall grass, out he came with a roar!

He was so unexpected that for a moment I was nonplussed.

Now, do not listen to anyone who tries to tell you tales about tigers "springing" at an elephant. No tiger springs. In all my fairly long experience of big-game hunting, I have *never* known a tiger to spring at an elephant.

He is far too heavy. Remember that a fully grown male weighs at least 700 lb. No! What he does is to lay hold of the elephant's head . . . and pull with all his weight behind him!

That is what this one did. In a few rapid strides he was up to us and *under* the front of the howdah in which I was perched, thus making it almost impossible for me to get a shot at any vital part of him.

Sir Bindon Blood.

My elephant was squealing in terror, and trying to shake the brute from her head and trunk. But he held on like grim death and slowly began to pull the elephant down to her knees!

Desperately she fought to free herself. The ground was all against her getting a foothold, and all in favour of the brute who held her in a vice-like grip of claw and teeth, snarling horribly.

Then . . . as quickly as it takes to write it, down she went on to her knees. I had my elephant rifle in my hand, and as the elephant heeled over like a ship about to take her death plunge into the depths of the sea, so I was precipitated over the edge of the howdah . . . *and on top of the tiger!*

I recall quite well that I used the muzzle of my rifle to shove myself back again on to the edge of the howdah, and there for a second—a breathless one so it seemed—we stared at each other.

Then—and remember that at this moment my elephant was lying on her side, the blood pouring from her lacerated trunk where the tiger's claws had penetrated in half-a-dozen places—I got my rifle to my shoulder.

Even as the fear-maddened brute raised a mighty fore paw to batter howdah and myself to pieces, so I fired . . . and when the smoke cleared away (this was in the days of cartridges that were filled with black powder) there was my tiger . . . dead as a door-nail, with a bullet hole clean through the brain!

But I never had that skin—much as I should have liked it! The elephant is extraordinarily clever—his brain is marvellous. No sooner did my "steed" perceive that her enemy was *hors de combat*, than with all the woman's disregard of the Queensberry rules, she raised herself on her haunches and shook herself.

Elephant's war-dance

Well, she proceeded to make a carpet out of that tiger—and what she did not do to him with her ponderous fore feet leaves little to the imagination.

It was a sort of war-dance, and she accompanied it with a shrill trumpeting . . . raising her trunk high in the air, as though saluting her own daring. Then stamp, stamp went her feet.

Really it was a most amazing performance to watch. By the time my mahout had regained some sort of control of her, and she had calmed down sufficiently to be driven away from the immediate spot, there was not enough left of that tiger skin to have made me a tobacco pouch—supposing my fancy had lain that way!

Such is the "hour" I can most vividly recall. It was great while it lasted, and even to-day, many, many years afterwards, I can still feel its warmth radiating through my bones as I think about it—that "one hour" at least I'd love to re-live again!

If you condition your dog NOW

he will never feel the cold this winter.

NO one ever saw a well-conditioned dog shiver with cold. For although a dog is helpless against heat, a healthy dog can adapt himself to meet and enjoy almost any degree of cold.

He will grow a winter coat which will keep his body warm.

The dogs who spend winter in the Arctic Circle, and the sporting British terrier who follows a rat across an ice-strewn pond, are protected in the same way—by a winter coat which is so strong and dense that wind and water cannot pierce it to chill the body. The quality of a dog's coat depends entirely on the purity of his blood. Consequently, Nature provides him with correctives to keep his blood pure, but since these are beyond your dog's reach, among the wild grasses and herbage in valley and moorland, he has to rely on you to make good his loss, and if you will accept the advice of the world's leading Breeders you will give your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders **now** and in less than 10 days he will be in **perfect** condition. Soon, his winter coat will begin to grow stronger and denser, and when hard frosts arrive your dog will be well able to look after himself. The cold months will be, as Nature intended them to be, his happiest and most care-free period.

(Note.—Rough or long-haired dogs also grow a winter **undercoat**, a dense, downy mass which covers the skin like a blanket, and can be examined by parting the outer coat. Only rich, pure blood can grow good coats and undercoats. That is why you must provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders **NOW**).

Your nearest chemist, dog biscuit shop and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders, and in 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

TASTELESS

Give your dog Winter Fitness by growing WINTER COAT

Always keep a packet handy. Bob Martin's Condition Powders cure and prevent all Blood Ailments such as:—LOSS of APPETITE, LISTLESSNESS, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, LOOSE COAT, Etc.

Build yourself a better set and save pounds!

1/- CONSTRUCTIONAL CHART *FREE*

KIT COMPLETE WITH METALLISED S·G·HIGH·MU DETECTOR AND ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES **89/6**

KIT COMPLETE WITH WALNUT CABINET AND INBUILT LOUDSPEAKER **£65s**

GRADUAL PURCHASE OFFER TO EVERY JOHN BULL READER

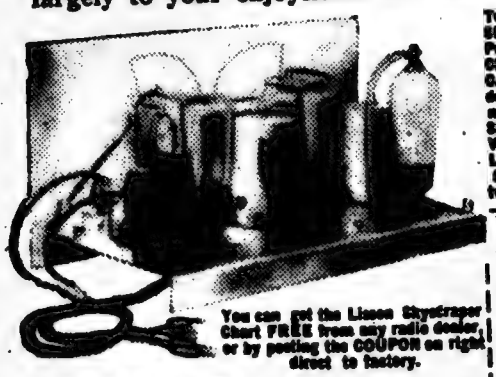
YOURS FOR **8/6** DOWN

Lissen have published a 1/- Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody, without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with COMPLETE CERTAINTY undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

GREAT LISSEN CONSTRUCTIONAL CHART

TELLS YOU EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW

This new Lissen SKYSCRAPER Kit set is the only one on the market that you can build yourself employing a Metallised Screened Grid Valve, High Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which there has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this LISSEN SKYSCRAPER that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio?



You can get the Lissen Skyscraper Chart FREE from any radio dealer or by posting the COUPON on right direct to factory.

To-day you can buy the LISSEN SKYSCRAPER KIT on Gradual Payment Terms. Skyscraper Chassis Kit, complete with Valves, CASH PRICE £3/6. Or £1/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 7/6.
Skyscraper Kit complete with Walnut Cabinet and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated, £5 5s. CASH. Or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

LISSEN SKYSCRAPER KIT 3

COUPON

To LISSEN, LTD., Dept. J.B.2, Worple Rd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

Please send me FREE copy of your 1/- Skyscraper Chart.

NAME.....

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The Finest Gramophone Value in the World. Either of these handsome and powerful instruments complete & Carriage Paid with 12 Half-Crown Double Sided Records (24 selections) for 5/- with order.

GRAVES TABLE Model is of handsomely figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. Newest improved type of reproducer. Price with 12 Half-Crown Records **£3.10.0**
TERMS: 5/- MONTHLY.

GRAVES PORTABLE Model covered leather cloth. Nickel-plated corners, smooth running Motor, 10-inch Turntable. Speed Regulator. Magnificent Sound Box. Receptacle for Records. Complete with 12 Half-Crown Records **£3.10.0**
TERMS: 5/- MONTHLY.

Please state clearly which instrument you require.

CATALOGUE POST FREE. Complete range of Models—Table, Pedestal, & Portable. Bargain Prices. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

NEW NERVES FOR OLD

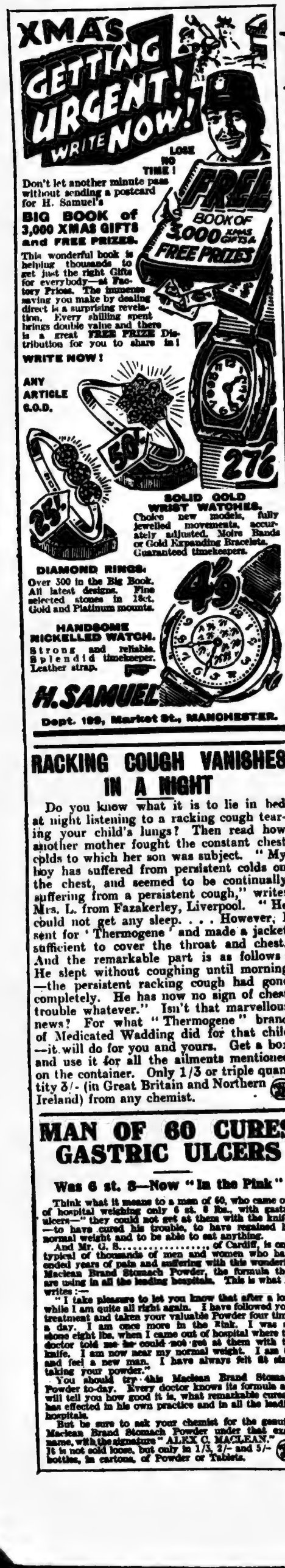
The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"FOX NUTS" (the "Blue Lion" kind)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.
(Dept. J.B. 59), 48, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice on request.



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This wonderful book is helping thousands to get just the right Gifts for everybody—at Factory Prices. The immense saving you make by dealing direct is a surprising revelation. Every shilling spent brings double value and there is a great **FREE PRIZE** Distribution for you to share in!

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SOLID GOLD WRIST WATCHES. Choice new models, fully jewelled movements, accurately adjusted. Moire Bands or Gold Expanding Bracelets. Guaranteed timekeepers.

DIAMOND RINGS. Over 300 in the Big Book. All latest designs. Fine selected stones in 18ct. Gold and Platinum mounts.

HANDSOME NICKELLED WATCH. Strong and reliable. Splendid timekeeper. Leather strap. 4/9

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RACKING COUGH VANISHES IN A NIGHT

Do you know what it is to lie in bed at night listening to a racking cough tearing your child's lungs? Then read how another mother fought the constant chest colds to which her son was subject. "My boy has suffered from persistent colds on the chest, and seemed to be continually suffering from a persistent cough," writes Mrs. L. from Fazakerley, Liverpool. "He could not get any sleep. . . . However, I sent for 'Thermogene' and made a jacket sufficient to cover the throat and chest. And the remarkable part is as follows: He slept without coughing until morning—the persistent racking cough had gone completely. He has now no sign of chest trouble whatever." Isn't that marvellous news? For what "Thermogene" brand of Medicated Wadding did for that child—it will do for you and yours. Get a box and use it for all the ailments mentioned on the container. Only 1/3 or triple quantity 3/- (in Great Britain and Northern Ireland) from any chemist.

MAN OF 60 CURES GASTRIC ULCERS

Was 6 st. 8—Now "In the Pink"

Think what it means to a man of 60, who came out of hospital weighing only 6 st. 8 lbs., with gastric ulcers—"they could not get at them with the knife"—to have cured his trouble, to have regained his normal weight and to be able to eat anything.

And Mr. G. S....., of Cardiff, is only typical of thousands of men and women who have ended years of pain and suffering with this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the formula they are using in all the leading hospitals. This is what he writes:—

"I take pleasure to let you know that after a long while I am quite all right again. I have followed your treatment and taken your valuable Powder four times a day. I am once more in the Rink. I was six stone eight lbs. when I came out of hospital where the doctor told me he could not get at them with the knife. I am now near my normal weight. I am 60, and feel a new man. I have always felt fit since taking your powder."

You should try this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Every doctor knows its formula and will tell you how good it is, what remarkable cures it has effected in his own practice and in all the leading hospitals.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

WHY WINNERS LOSE —at Law

He can afford to look cheerful after he's won a case. But so often the victorious litigant's smile is a very rueful one . . .

by
A BARRISTER

NOT long ago Mr. H. G. Wells, having won an action before the courts, discovered that he was poorer by three thousand pounds at the end of it.

The puzzled layman may wonder, if three thousand pounds is the price of winning a case, how much it costs to lose one? He may even think that in these days of all-round economy the cost of justice might also be reduced—since what was an expensive luxury in prosperous times has now become prohibitive.

Yet, officially, the administration of justice has been made cheaper, procedure has been straightened out, the salaries of the judges have been cut down.

In fact, the salary of a High Court judge, though it had not been raised for a century, was drastically diminished a year ago, and accordingly stands lower than it did in 1820.

Henceforward, a barrister elevated to the Bench will be asked to sacrifice about three-quarters of the income he was earning at the Bar instead of a mere two-thirds which has hitherto been, roughly, what men are asked to forgo when they become judges.

But the cost of justice itself has not been sensibly diminished.

Bodies unable to maintain wages or pay dividends continue to expend thousands on litigation to define their rights, and the ordinary individual unfortunate enough to be involved in a suit over a collision or a breach of contract still finds himself plunged into a welter of expease.

But, thinks the puzzled layman, surely the cost to which a man is put to substantiate his rights are restored to him by the vanquished party.

Pyrrhic victory

The answer to that question exposes the whole abuse of our present system.

In theory a successful plaintiff gets back his costs. But as a bill of costs is such a vicarious affair, depending as it does on how little a solicitor will charge and how much a client can pay, the court will award only the amount that it considers to be reasonable—that is to say, the amount that its own officials, the taxing masters, will allow.

But the difference between the taxed costs allowed by a master and the solicitor and client costs charged to the layman by his legal advisers may be considerable—as much as £3,000, in fact.

And there's the rub. If the taxing master lays it down that a certain sum is the reasonable costs of an action, then that sum should be the cost of the action. Nothing paid in excess of it should be permitted.

One cannot help feeling that a law to deprive the solicitor of the right to recover any sum from his client beyond the sum allowed on taxation—in other words, a law to make taxed costs real costs—would do very much more to bring justice within the reach of all men than the reduction of judges' salaries.

Even taxed costs do not err on the side of meanness. A simple claim for £20, the result of a motor-car accident fought out in a county court, may cost twice that sum in costs.

For by some inexplicable custom the solicitor has the recognised right, after itemising his bill, to add an extra fee for adding it up, and then after adding all in together to put on one-third of the total amount over and above the bill itself.

But this extra third imposed during the war when living costs were high has never been removed.

The law has a fondness for that magical fraction, the third. Second in its extravagance only to the solicitors' one-third paid over and above his costs comes the barrister's right to two-thirds of whatever sum is marked on the brief of his leader.

In big actions the layman employs two barristers instead of one. The solicitor recommends that King's Counsel shall be briefed—and the King's Counsel cannot be briefed without a Junior Counsel being employed as well.

By the way, this word Junior should not be misunderstood. "Junior" does not necessarily denote youth when used with the word Counsel. It merely means a barrister who has not yet become a King's Counsel.

In certain heavy cases where K.C.s are briefed the Junior is entitled to two-thirds of the fee on the leader's brief.

If the latter is a busy man, if he be among those leaders of the profession who have so many cases that they cannot attend to one-half of them, that two-thirds will often be a sum far in excess of anything the Junior could ever hope to earn when acting alone.

In fact, I have known him to joke of getting £12 merely for sitting behind his leader.

Yet if the litigant when advised to employ a leader says firmly "No," and sticks to it—a piece of courage of which few laymen are capable—then he will pay decidedly less to the Junior who, when he fights the case alone, and is therefore deprived of his two-thirds of the larger fee, usually demands a sum considerably below it.

And it must be added for the honour of the profession that he will work just as hard, will, in fact, probably take a far greater pride and interest in the case, and be every bit as likely to win it.

Surely a system of justice which makes each of two barristers more expensive when employed together than one would be if briefed alone is fit only for the Court of "Alice in Wonderland."

However, the two-thirds for the Junior, like the one-third for the solicitor, is allowed by taxing masters, so that the elementary reform suggested would leave both of them untouched.

Freakish fees

But the one-third rule and the two-thirds rule are by no means the only freakish extravagances that might take precedence of a judge's salary in bowing their heads to a demand for economy.

There is, for instance, the solicitor's amiable habit of charging 3s. 4d. every time he talks to his client over the telephone; there is the custom by which the barrister charges a conference fee over and above the fee marked on his brief; the cost of the interview at which he learns what the case he is about to handle will be about; there are the refreshers charged over and above the fee on a brief, at so much a day for every day a case takes in the hearing.

If such inconsistencies were set right it would be, in the long run, for the benefit not only of the public but also of the legal profession.

It is an open secret that the times are bad for lawyers. Cheaper justice would certainly bring them more work. It would as certainly result in fewer big prizes.

This might not, it is true, be for the benefit of the fortunate few in whose hands so much is concentrated, though it would loose a flood of ability that is at present going to seed.

And would it really be a tragedy if twenty men were each to handle a case for 2 or 5 guineas apiece instead of one man dealing with twenty cases at 40 or 100 apiece? To employ twenty men for 40 guineas seems more equitable, economical and swifter than to employ one to do twenty cases for £800!

However, custom, prejudices, the traditionalism of lawyers, and the gullibility of the public combine to make the latter method the one upon which the entire legal system of this country is based.

It is no wonder that Mr. Wells had to pay a penalty of three thousand pounds for winning his case.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Go 'Chasing!

WITH flat racing over until the "Lincoln" comes round—incidentally, the entries come to hand just before Christmas—we shall be 'chasing winners over the sticks.

Newbury and Haydock will serve up some excellent fare this week, particularly the Berkshire meeting.

On the first day Old Bachelor should not be missed for the Hants Hurdle race, and Buck Willow, one of my six to follow, crops up in the Moderate 'Chase.

Muezzin may be equal to winning the Andover 'Chase at the final stage, and I suggest Shipbourne for the Round Oak Hurdle.

Sporting Life, the daily authority on all sports, has a racing staff pre-eminent in the profession. Place a standing order for the *Life* with your newsagent, and reap the benefit of expert knowledge.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 1, to Wednesday, December 7.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O

93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

ULGLYX97F would read PRARGENT.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. YCLQ972X would read GARONNE.

RADIO

BUILT ON A WORLD OF EXPERIENCE

THE MARCHESE MARCONI, G.C.V.O
The Inventor of Radio — the Genius behind Marconiphone.

SUPERIOR IN EVERY ESSENTIAL . . . every desirable up-to-date technical feature is incorporated in Marconiphone design — **RANGE** . . . to get you the distant foreigners — **SELECTIVITY** . . . to eliminate station overlap and give you clear-cut reception — **TONE QUALITY** . . . to satisfy the really exacting musical ear —**SIMPLE CONTROLS** . . . that a child can manipulate —**RELIABILITY** . . . the keynote of Marconi engineering, making our radio a source of uninterrupted pleasure and utility. **MARCONI VALVES** . . . standardized in Marconiphone apparatus, because for sheer reliability and consistently high efficiency, practice has proved them beyond comparison. The fact that Marconi Valves are used by the B.B.C. —Imperial Airways —British ships —Trinity House — Imperial and International Communications, etc., etc., speaks eloquently of the opinion of those who know.

THIS DELIGHTFUL MODEL IS ONLY

33/-

DEPOSIT.

THE CASH PRICE IS SIXTEEN GUINEAS.

IT IS A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF MARCONIPHONE VALUE AND CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY GOOD DEALERS. ASK FOR MODEL 253—

the new 4-valve (inc. rect.) A.C. all-electric transportable, typical in its advanced design and superlative performance of every Marconiphone instrument. Model 253 combines every desirable technical feature, with the finest tone-quality—world-wide range — band-pass tuning for keen selectivity—superb moving coil reproduction—all in a delightful walnut cabinet. It is difficult to imagine a finer home entertainer, yet its price is only 16 gns., or 33/- deposit.

AND TEN BEAUTIFUL MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM £4.19.6 TO 55 GNS.

The 1933 Marconiphone programme comprises ten beautiful new models from a marvellously efficient 2-valve receiver with speaker and batteries at £4.19.6 or 10/- deposit, to the last word in automatic all-electric super-heterodyne radio-gramophones at 55 Gns. or £5.15.6 deposit.

COUPON Please send me a full descriptive list of Current Marconiphone Models.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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J.B. No. 2. .....

(PLEASE FILL IN WITH BLOCK LETTERS)

INSIST UPON HAVING A

MARCONIPHONE

RADIO OR RADIO-GRAMOPHONE

The Marconiphone Co. Ltd., Radio House, 210, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

Prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

GRAVES

A.F.4 Art Silk Crêpe Frock, long sleeves, tunked sleeves. Made in contrasting shades. In Brown, Lido, Green, Rust, Navy, & Black. Bust: 34, 36, 38 & 40in. Lengths: 46 to 48in. Price **23/6**
Terms: 5/6 monthly

A.F.6 In pin stripe Velour. Fur collar of Shorn Natria Lamb. Green, Lido, Rust, Navy & Black. Bust: 32, 34, 36, 38in. Lengths: 46 to 48in. **35/6**
Terms: 5/- monthly

Many other attractive bargains are available, including money-saving opportunities in Ladies' & Children's wear. You save pounds by dealing direct with the Warehouse.

Simply state style of garment required, & a range of Patterns of the actual materials will be sent per return, with self measurement form and all necessary information.

Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, Furs, Coats, &c., and you should write today for the GRAVES Fashion Display, Post Free.

3/6 NOW

5/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

BRONCHITIS INFLUENZA

Breathe vapo medicated air while you sleep. This is the simple time-tried Vapo-Cresolene method of treating Influenza, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. Difficult breathing and soreness are more quickly relieved than when medicine is taken. A proved remedy of 53 years. Prevents the spread of infection. *Of all Chemists.*

Vapo-Cresolene

Send for Booklet No. CRALLEN & KANEURTS Ltd. 57D Lombard Street, LONDON, E.C.3

2 Special Offers!

On pages 10 and 25 two well-known firms offer Free Catalogues of Furnishing Bargains which can be obtained free and post free by readers who simply fill in the Coupons appearing in each advertisement.

Page Woodcock's Pills

World-famous for alleviating and correcting Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Stomach Disorders, etc.
Have cured millions
—why not you?

Of all Chemists 1/3 & 3/- per box.

WONDERFUL PRAM VALUE

Coach-built Pram with Coil Springs, Ribbed Cushion Tyres, Detachable Hood, Mudguards, Chain Brake, and Storm Apron. State colour desired. Carriage Paid. 50/-
TERMS: 5/- now, & 9 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Fullest Approval.
Catalogue of Pram and Folding Cots, all styles. Post Free. Easy Terms.

5/- NOW

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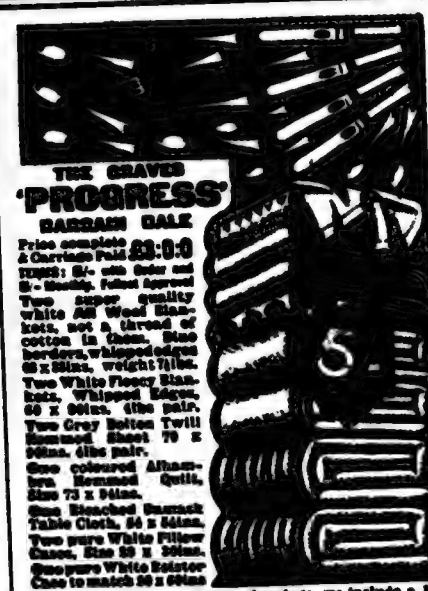

THE GRAVES
'PROGRESS'
BARGAIN SALE

Price complete & Carriage Paid **£3:9:0**
TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval
Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 66 x 88ins. weight 7½lbs.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80ins. the pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Sheets, Sheet 70 x 94ins. the pair.
One coloured Afghan Jete Honeycomb Quilt, Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 26-Piece Cutlery Service, 6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Size Forks, 6 Dessert Size Spoons, & 6 Tea Spoons all of 'Cavendish' Silver which wears white all through. 30 years a guarantee for honourable trading. *Catalogue Post Free.*

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

THE BEST LIVER PILL

A Wonderful Blending of Ten Vegetable Extracts.

When the liver is disordered, certain impurities are sent into the blood and cause a sallow complexion, pimples, blotches and headache. Other "liver" symptoms are coated tongue, palpitation, nausea, flatulence, backache, poor appetite, and low spirits.

For over thirty years have Bile Beans been recognised as the world's greatest liver specific. Their success is due to the fact that they are not a pill of two or three mineral drugs, but a wonderful blending of ten different vegetable extracts. These extracts include a liver stimulant, which helps to restore the natural functions of the liver, and regulate the supply of bile (Nature's own laxative). Thus not only do Bile Beans put the liver right, but they ensure healthy action of both the large and small bowel.

Bile Beans are an ideal remedy for safe regular family use. A dose of Bile Beans at bedtime will save you from a "liver," and keep you wonderfully fit. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE BOX.

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to save money by rolling their owners' own cigarettes. Choose the 'baccy you like best, use AG papers, and your smokes cost far less and give more satisfaction. If you have a machine for rolling — any gadget of any kind — use AG just the same to be sure of best results.

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EGGS by the dozen!

They fetch a good price just now. Give your hens Mustard in their mash and they will lay more.

Colman's Poultry Mustard

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Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. 11.T), Norwich.

My Rivals ARE GOOD for ME

by KAYE DON

THE man who has nothing to learn from his rivals has so little to learn from life that he may as well die. He is too good to live.

Each of us, or, at any rate, those of us who live strenuous and slightly unorthodox lives, in circumstances not always governed by strict routine, owe a great deal to the lessons learned from our rivals.

This rather trite platitude applies in business, in sport, in pleasure and in everyday life. It is a pity that we in England do not recognise its truth more open-mindedly.

Personally, I have no hesitation in saying that I have learned a very great deal from my rivals. Ideas, suggestions, warnings and help—I have owed them all to men who have been my rivals at different times and have profited greatly by the lessons they have taught me.

Many a rival racing motorist, for example, has by his conduct taught me something of the utmost value without being aware of the fact himself.

To some I owe tricks of driving—or the avoidance of them — which their own conduct has shown me to be worth copying, improving on—or avoiding. From yet others, a few, I have I hope learned that most invaluable lesson of all, the necessity to keep a still tongue, an open mind and a smiling face.

One lesson I learned early and have learned often. It is that the general public has a short memory for success, a long recollection for failure.

Fame is his just so long as success lasts, but when failure steps in, no matter whose fault it may be, the cheers die, the curtain rings down—and the public walks out.

Particularly is this a penalty of the racing motorist.

In a sense, we are public entertainers. The fact that our work all the time contributes to progress in mechanical transport is usually overlooked by the average spectator. We are there to amuse them. And if we fail, we are "for it."

The lesson I have learned after nearly twenty-five years of motor racing is that when failure falls to your lot and the plaudits die, the only thing to do is to grin and bear it. If our performance of the moment fails to amuse—why worry. There is still time and hope for the future.

It is a sound philosophy. And I must confess that I am strengthened in it when I see occasionally the pettish and petulant displays of disappointment sometimes indulged in by rivals—usually Continental—who, because of an admixture of blood or a too-Southern temperament, are apt to regard the disappointment of the moment as the most important tragedy of life.

What nonsense. What a waste of energy and thought. That is not the English point of view.

Lessons to learn

From another and more materialistic angle, that of national supremacy in sport, we have a lot to learn from our rivals.

The main thing which they possess and we lack is the quality of concentration. We do not always give enough thought to the battle we are fighting, or the machine we are building—until it is almost too late.

Then, at the last moment, we put our backs into it and generally manage to win—an expensive and not altogether to be admired process, known affectionately as muddling through. The Englishman generally prides himself on the fact that he can usually manage to muddle through.

That may have been a comfortable and even excusable philosophy a century ago. But to-day it will not do. We cannot afford to muddle through.

But speed—speed of transport, communications, trade, and decision have put the muddler on the shelf. We are not living in the leisured days of the eighteenth century. We are in an age when everything is being speeded up to a maximum. The first man there collects the job, sells the goods and draws the cheques.

And that is where we can learn from our rivals. Take sport alone. Football, golf, tennis, yachting—all these sports which we once r... garded as our ow... private preserve ar... now invaded b... foreigners who be... us at our own game... Yet in comparis... they are babes i... experience. Why the... do they beat us?

Because they con... centrate. They ge... down to busines... They think far ahea... —plan and then carr... out. They are no... just content t... muddle through.

Take yachting, fo... example. We, th... premier maritim... nation of the world... cannot even captur... the America's Cup... let alone hold it. W... have not held it fo... years, so many year... that I forget how... long ago it is.

Why? Because we... relied for so long on... that great sportsman... the late Sir Thomas... Lipton, just as to-day... we appear to rely for... the maintenance of our prestige in... the air and on the water upon the... splendid generosity of Lady Houston and... Lord Wakefield.

Lipton spent a king's fortune on his... yachts and gave employment to hun... dreds of men. Lord Wakefield spent... between £40,000 and £60,000 on the... present *Miss England III.* alone. He... too, has spent magnificently in order... that Britain shall not bow her head.

Lady Houston offered, as you will re... member, a guarantee of £100,000 in... order that England should not be... obliged to withdraw from the race for... the Schneider Trophy.

Yet Lipton was defeated by a syndi... cate of wealth and brain which pro... duced a yacht that was scientific to the... last degree and design, lightness and... economy of man power. It was a float... ing machine box, a ship governed by... gadgets.

Get together!

And now we hear that Lord Wake... field's gallant efforts to win the Inter... national Motor Boat Trophy for this... country are to be faced next year by... competitors subsidised by syndicates of... wealthy trans-Atlantic business men.

In the same manner the French and... Italian governments heavily subsidised... the aircraft manufacturers whose... machines competed for the Schneider... Trophy, which Lady Houston's mag... nificent offer enabled this country to... hold for ever.

Our greatest lesson which we must... learn from our rivals is that if we are... to become supreme again in inter... national sport, the finest form of inter... national advertisement that exists, the... financing of our efforts must no longer... be left to private individuals.

We must organise not only our brains, but our wealth, and we shall be supreme, unchallengeable

We must organise, not only our brains, but our wealth, if we are to become supreme again in international sport. Here are "Miss England III.," "Shamrock V.," "Bluebird," and the Schneider Trophy plane

"A TREASURE FOR LIFE"

THOUSANDS of readers throughout the country have just received their copies of the presentation volume of The New Standard Encyclopædia and World Atlas.

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"A treasure for life." (B.W., London, N.4.)

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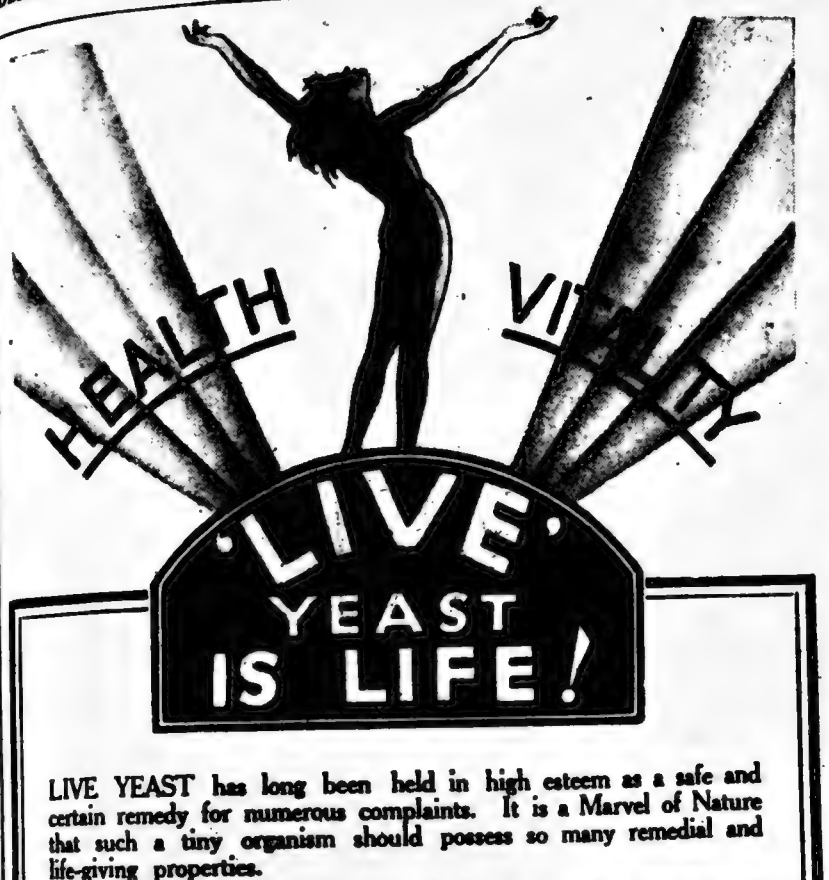
Send in your Presentation Voucher the moment it is completed—with the De Luxe Edition clearly requested as directed on your Presentation Voucher.



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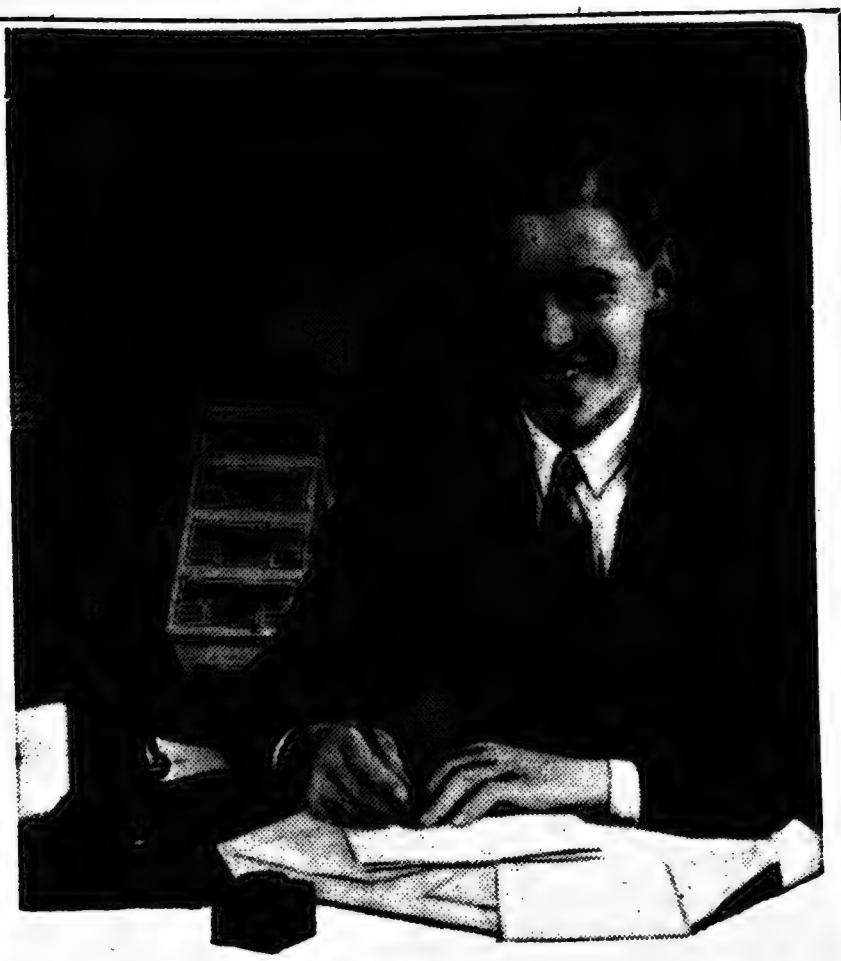

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he got promotion

He's capable, of course. Then so are his workmates. But Thornton has that keen, alert appearance which a well-shaved face always gives—and that told in his favour. Yet he'd no more think of spending a shilling or more on his shaving stick than he'd shave himself with *ordinary* soap. No! Sixpence is all he pays for the Lever's Easy Shaving Stick which his wife buys for him at her dealer's. And for those six coppers he gets a hundred clean, close, comfortable shaves—the kind of shaves a man must have to help him to make good in a job.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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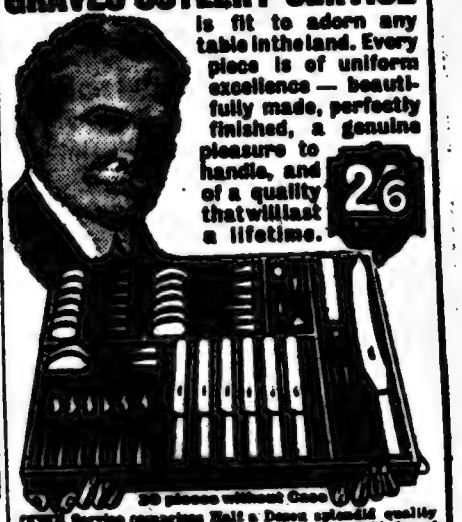

is fit to adorn any table in the land. Every piece is of uniform excellence — beautifully made, perfectly finished, a genuine pleasure to handle, and of a quality that will last a lifetime.

26

20 pieces without Case

THE Service comprises Half a Dozen splendid quality Knives with full 8½-inch carefully ground blades of the finest Sheffield Stainless Steel, each blade bearing a keen edge and warranted to be absolutely stainless throughout; handles of grained 'Ivorette,' the most perfect imitation Ivory; one pair Rustless Steel Carvers with extra-large blade of finest temper with razor-like edge. The Fork is fitted with a spring safety-guard, and handles are 'Ivorette.' The Service of Plate is of Coronation Silver in graceful Old English pattern, without niches or corners; easy to keep clean. Coronation Silver is an amalgam of choice metals which wears perfectly white all through. Fair Table Spoons, 6-Dess. Forks, 6-Dess. Dessert Spoons, 6-Dess. Tea Spoons, Mustard Spoon, & Salt Spoon. All matching perfectly both in design and finish. **39/-** The full Service of 20 pieces, without case. No charge for deferred payments. TERMS: 2/6 MONTHLY.

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£1,000 Cash and 93 Xmas Hampers won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 189.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following four competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent.

E. Reading, 12, Queens Road, Blackburn; E. H. Jones, Llandilo Road, Brynamman, Cmn.; L. E. Taylor, Bakers Hill, Bishopton, Renfrew; Miss E. Whewell, 75a, Sussex Street, Leicester.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 13th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

This prize has been divided between Runners-up.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up.

In competitions from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 5s. 0d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

In addition to the above cash awards, the winners sharing the £500 and each of the 60 winners who share the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD 187.—The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 63 entrants and payments of £1 11s. 9d. are being despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-word with a First 9-in-1 Prize of 30/- a Week for Life and £500 cash, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 34. Try Your skill now!

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FOOTBALL

14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

6 LEAGUE, 5 LEAGUE, 4 LEAGUE.

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Our Letter Parliament

SHORTLY after demobilisation in 1919, I resumed my trade as a watchmaker, working late and early in a small workshop in Manchester.

While so engaged I decided to enter the ministry, and spent my evenings in study, ultimately passing my entrance examination into a theological college.

I had been there only a short time when my health gave way, and I had to leave in the grip of a bad nervous breakdown.

I regard this as my greatest misfortune in life, as I never afterwards reached the goal I had in view.—*Disappointed, Belfast.*

Benevolent Look

It's my kind face. Everywhere I go, people seem to think I am just the one to help them.

Children ask me to pilot them across the street—I, who am, myself, so afraid of traffic; beggars hold out their caps when they see me coming. People borrow money from me. I have been given babies to hold.

Half-tipsy women have wondered if I would go into the "pub." and get them a drop of "special." Others have asked if I would mind doing a little errand for them to their "uncle's."—*"Permanent Grin," Edinburgh.*

Proved Innocent

Dismissed by my employers for a theft I did not commit. My friends avoided me, prospective employers turned me down, and the young woman who was to be my wife broke off the engagement.

A year later another theft took place at my old office, which cleared me, and three weeks ago I obtained a position as cashier.

I bear no hard feelings, but hope that my so-called friends, particularly the young woman, will see this. Then they will know I have risen above my worst misfortune.—*"Twenty-six," Glasgow.*

In the Dark

I lost my sight fifteen years ago. My baby girl was two years old, and the thought of being blind—never able to see the changes in her loved features as she grew up, never again to see the light, always to be groping in the dark—nearly made me lose my reason.

Time is a great healer, and although somewhat embittered, I am more resigned to my greatest misfortune.—*"Blind," Swansea.*

Demoralised

When I had to work for every penny that I spent, I did work, but a few hundred pounds left to me proved my undoing.

I didn't stop working, but I just worked for necessities, and when I wanted luxuries I said, "Well, haven't I got the money in the bank?"

Of course, the legacy will run out some day, and then I expect I shall have to put my shoulder to the wheel; but I'm afraid that I have got used to a leisurely life.

My legacy has had a most demoralising effect upon my character.—*L. Hempel, London.*

MY WORST *Misfortune*

Is a benevolent-looking face a blessing or a curse? An Edinburgh reader would consider this one a disaster

Closed Door

Lack of education. Literature, music, arts and sciences are all lost to me.

With a training in either of these branches of knowledge, I might have been a much happier individual and a more useful citizen.

Instead, circumstances closed the door to this "cave of wealth," and I am left outside in the cold world of ignorance and poverty.—*J. C., Sheffield.*

A Bad Day

When my husband returned from the War, we took a boarding-house, buying our furniture gradually. Two years ago it was all paid for, and things seemed to be going well, when my husband broke his legs and contracted pneumonia.

With the extra expenses, I did not know which way to turn, and borrowed £50 from a moneylender on a bill of sale.

I fell into arrears, he foreclosed, and took everything we possessed. At fifty-three we have had to start life again.

My worst misfortune was the day I signed that bill of sale.—*M. G., Middlesex.*

Good Miss

To be thrown from a worl singing birds and friendly g ings, the swish of the wind in trees, and the merry laughte children, into a life of indescrib silence—deafness is my lot.

But I do not grieve. Ed Helen Keller, Liszt, thousand ex-soldiers have forgotten their ability in effort for others made good.

And, after all, as a parson sai me, "You miss quite a lot w isn't worth hearing."—*R. H., Seaham.*

Broken

Married to an ideal partner w a comfortable home and a sec situation, we were expecting arrival of our first baby.

Doctor and nurse arrived, an listened for the cry of our ch Footsteps descended the stairc and the doctor sympathetically that my wife had died under anæsthetic. More I was beyo hearing.

After a while I regained my sen broken-hearted and alone for ever *"Alone," Worcs.*

Doomed Home

My wife and I were a proud cou when we moved into our new cottag our own. It had cost us both many ye of toil and saving, but it was worth it

Then, early one morning, there was ominous rumbling under our house, whi started to shake violently. A subsiden caused by an old pit-workings, had tak place, and our cottage was doomed.

Five hundred pounds sunk, and no co pensation for us. Still, we had the sy pathy of our neighbours, who said it w "hard lines."—*A. D. M., Kirkcaldy.*

One Taken

Eight years ago, while serving in t Army, I met a girl, to whom I becam engaged. We met only during short lea periods, but for about five years we bo saved up to buy our future home.

About a fortnight before I was due leave the Colours, my fiancée had ju purchased a suite of furniture, and o her way back home was knocked down b a motor-car and died in hospital.

This was the worst misfortune fa could have dealt me.—*"Unfortunate," Blandford.*

Just Envy

My mother died ten days after m birth. To see others, in boyhood day have a mother to help them in trouble and care for them in sickness, made m wish I, too, had a mother.

Later in life I have envied those wh have reached manhood, and still are for tunate enough to have a mother to car for.

Although I did not know her, I hav heard enough to convince me that he loss was my worst misfortune, but thin that had she lived her son would hav been her pride.—*W. R., Seaforth.*

* * *

He's seventy-three, but sticks like leech to the premier job, thus barrin promotion for the rest of the staff. M greatest misfortune is his robust consti tution.—*Stumped, Sherwood.*

People warned me that my lover wa worthless, but I wouldn't listen. Hi cruelty broke my body, his unfaithful ness my heart; but my greatest misfor tune is that I love him still.—*J. B., Gorleston.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December 6.

My Happiest Christmas Surprise.

OUR EXPERT'S FORECASTS

Football Selections for December 3

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Portsmouth v. Arsenal.
(2) Middlesbrough v. W.B. ALBION.
(3) Wolves v. Blackburn.
(4) NEWCASTLE v. Leeds.
(5) Sheffield U. v. DERBY.
(6) LEICESTER v. Manchester C.
(7) ASTON VILLA v. Wednesday.
*(8) BOLTON v. Birmingham.
(9) LIVERPOOL v. Sunderland.
(10) Chelsea v. Everton.
(11) HUDDERSFIELD v. Blackpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Manchester U. v. Bradford C.
**(2) HOTSPUR v. Swansea.
(3) Charlton v. FULHAM.
(4) Bradford v. BURY.
(5) BURNLEY v. Southampton.
(6) GRIMSBY v. Notts County.
(7) NOTTS FOREST v. West Ham.
(8) Oldham v. Port Vale.
(9) PLYMOUTH v. Lincoln.
(10) PRESTON v. Millwall.
**(11) STOKE v. Chesterfield.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Cardiff v. BRISTOL CITY.
(2) READING v. Coventry.
(3) WATFORD v. Northampton.
(4) ALDERSHOT v. Luton.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Torquay.
(6) BRISTOL R. v. Exeter.
*(7) C. PALACE v. Swindon.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Orient.
(9) NORWICH v. Brentford.
**(10) Q.P. RANGERS v. Newport.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Boscombe.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) MANSFIELD v. Wrexham.
(2) Barrow v. Doncaster.
(3) YORK v. Barnsley.
(4) ACCRINGTON v. Gateshead.
(5) Carlisle v. HULL.
**(6) CHESTER v. Darlington.
**(7) CREWE v. Hartlepools.
(8) N. Brighton v. Stockport.
(9) ROCHDALE v. Halifax.
*(10) ROTHERHAM v. Walsall.
**(11) SOUTHPORT v. Tranmere.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Morton v. HAMILTON.
(2) RANGERS v. Aberdeen.
(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Queen's Park.
(4) Airdrie v. CELTIC.
(5) Ayr v. St. MIRREN.
(6) CLYDE v. Falkirk.
(7) COWDENBEATH v. E. Stirling.
(8) HEARTS v. Kilmarnock.
(9) PARTICK v. Dundee.
*(10) MOTHERWELL v. Third Lanark.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—8 (*H*); Div. II.—11 (*H*); Southern Section—10 (*H*); Scottish League—10 (*H*) would indicate Bolton, Stoke, Q.P. Rangers and Motherwell.

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—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

• • •

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing... going... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

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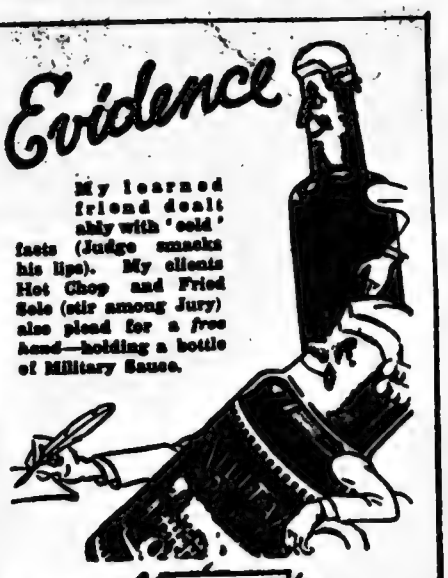
MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

I was losing my Husband's Love

He was beginning to take so much notice of a blonde with a marvellous complexion that I confess I became frightfully jealous. Then I began to study the reason for her attractiveness. She never had a shiny nose—her complexion was always so fresh and lovely even after dancing all evening in a hot restaurant. At last a famous beauty specialist told me her secret—she just blended a little mousse of cream with her face powder. This marvellous ingredient, she said, makes the powder cling to the skin even in windy and rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration. To my delight after the first trial my husband said—"You look lovely to-night!"—Now my fresh lovely complexion is the admiration of my husband and the envy of all my friends.
NOTE: The sole rights to the use of this amazing discovery of "Mousse of Cream" have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. Blended by a secret process in Poudre Tokalon it actually acts as a tonic and makes the skin *naturally* beautiful instead of merely covering it. Banishes all trace of shine permanently, and gives marvellous complexions never before seen.
1/- a box, Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6.

Evidence



My learned friend dealt ably with 'cold' facts (Judge smacks his lips). My clients Hot Chop and Fried Sole (stir among Jury) also plead for a free hand—holding a bottle of Military Sauce.

Hayward's

MILITARY PICKLE & SAUCE

Either will give added zest to whatever meal you have before you. Purity in every drop.

Of all Grocers

PICKLE
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£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS—UP

EXTRA £100 BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

BIG XMAS HAMPER
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PLUMP XMAS FOWL · · · SAUSAGES
XMAS PUDDING · · · DUNDEE CAKE
MUSCATELS & ALMONDS · CHOCOLATES
CIGARETTES · CRACKERS · BISCUITS
AND A BOTTLE OF FINE OLD PORT

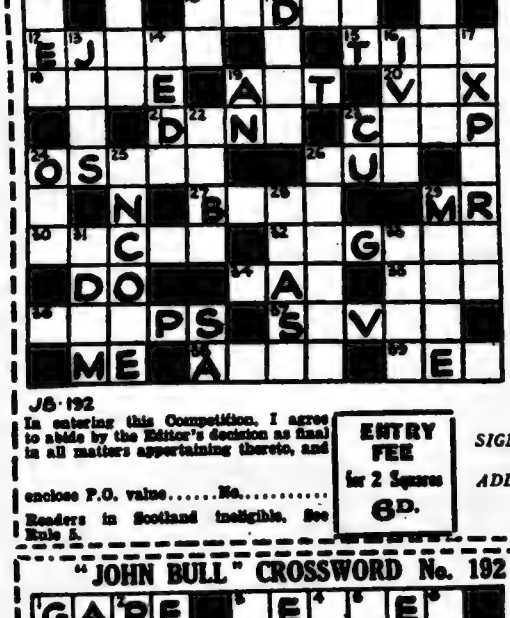
For the second time within a month, "John Bull's" great 2-in-1 Crossword has been won outright! A young man of 20, Mr. C. W. Knowlson, 3, Marygate, York, has just followed Mr. J. H. Hughes, 12, Seaview Avenue, Eastham, Wirral, on to our Pension List and will receive 30s. a week for life and a lump sum of £300.

What careful attention to interesting Clues has done for these two winners, an entertaining half-hour with the puzzle below can do for you. In addition to the huge First Prize, the sum of £200 is again offered to Runners-up, while every winner this week will receive an extra award of a giant Christmas Hamper.

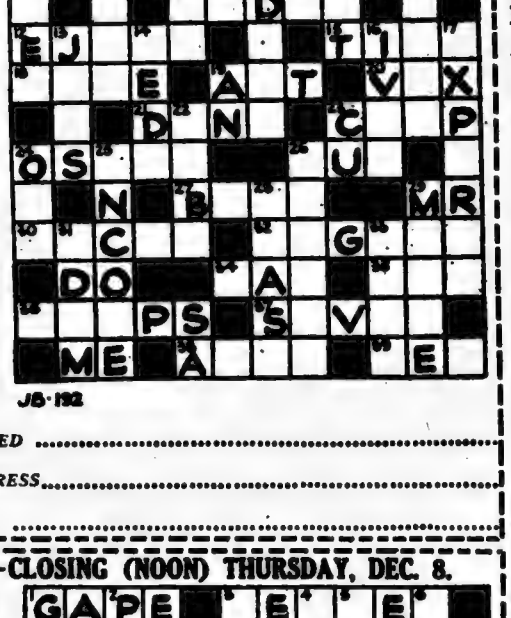
"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Big Xmas Hamper added to every winner's prize. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 15th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 22nd.

WIN A MERRY CHRISTMAS THIS EVENING!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 192—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, DEC. 8.



JB·192



JB·192

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

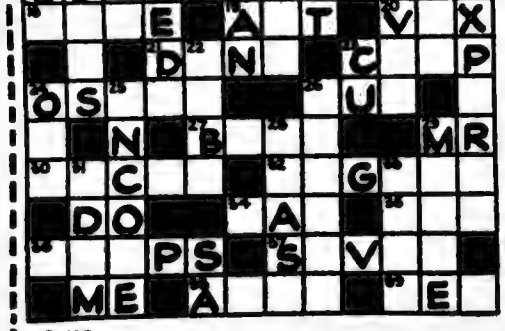
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 192—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, DEC. 8.



JB·192

JB·192

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLUES ACROSS

1. Stare with the mouth open.
3. Stoat-like animal.
7. Stir up.
9. Where shelter from storms is found.
10. Poisonous snake.
12. Throw out.
15. It ebbs and flows.
18. Tender.
19. Appropriate.
20. Irritate.
21. Swindled.
23. Large fresh-water fish.
24. Rushy plant.
26. Gangster is seldom without one.
27. It often bowls you out.
30. Pessimists show gloomy ones.
32. A young eagle.
34. There's something wrong if you're below this.
35. Possessive of "it."
36. You see smoke rising from these.
37. Separate violently.
38. Are not studied sufficiently by Parliament.
39. Strong fiction's often based on this.

CLUES DOWN

1. Winter ones are roughest.
2. What caught errant hubby.
3. Married.
4. Star aviator.
5. Separate into classes.
6. Britain has reputation for being a good one.
8. All that lazy M.P. did.
11. Sought in the underworld.
13. Causes of joy.
14. Give up to another.
16. Common Russian name.
17. Are essential to industry.
22. Spheres.
24. Captured burglar doesn't get.
25. Chancellor wants share of yours.
26. Blazing sun does this.
28. Smallest.
29. Unit of length used by French.
31. Eden was his garden.
33. Untruths.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

JB·192

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 190

Winners in 189 on page 32. Result of 189 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 190 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 192, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIO

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out whole entry form whether both puzzle squ are used or not. Entry fee for two squ is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co. ; name and address and date of posting on of P.O. and fill in the number upon E Form; send Entry Form by post, as direc to reach us not later than NOON, Thurs December 8th, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squ left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or alt will be disqualified. No responsibility is accep for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or laid, and no correspondence will be entered i

3.—Winner of this contest will appear "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 2 1932. Should any competitor not announ as a winner have entered a coupon eligible a share of the First Prize he must demand scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 1933, in accordance with directions given result. Any such scrutiny, which may affe the result, must be accepted as final. scrutiny can be conducted in connection with additional award of £100 to be divided betw the Runners-up. Competitors should note t errors are computed according to the numbe words which wrongly answer the Clues given

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divid but no competitor may receive more than share of it. Should First Prize be shared, t cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one aw

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred fr and cannot enter this competition. Any en form bearing an address in Scotland will disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the c ditions involves disqualification.

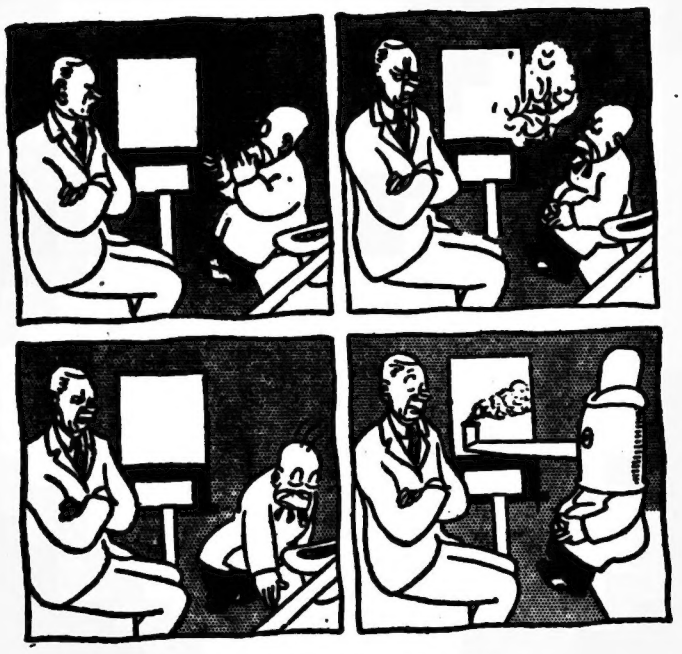
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., members of their families are not eligible commete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELO

These miniature reproductions of this wee Puzzle are only to be used for keeping cop of your solutions.

JB·192

The EDITOR Laughs Last



ADAMSON'S *Smoke Scheme*

W. Y. (Eltham).—"Jazz is dying out." Well, it certainly does sound like it.

F. T. (Durham).—"I'm not quite such an ass as I look." We don't believe it.

C. K. (Hastings). — "Wealth is a disease." But there's no rush to be inoculated.

R. M. (Lewisham). — "There is always a fool in every family." Are you an only child?

K. L. (Derby).—"My wife is just mad on reducing." I'm thankful it isn't your bank balance.

W. J. (Barnsley).—"Success is usually due to pluck." Or finding the right people to pluck.

R. A. (Aldershot). — "What would you do if the doctor gave you only one year to live?" Choose 1932.

"TINA" (Skegness). — "My husband persists in having his hair cropped as short as possible." The coward!

H. G. (Golders Green).—"What's wrong with Britain?" Only a lot of idiots who keep asking what's wrong

A. M. (Chingford). — "My son wants to become a politician. How can I help him?" Give him a good thrashing.

D. E. F. (Richmond).—"What exactly is nonsense?" Any remark made by somebody with whom you don't agree.

L. T. (Leith).—"The motor-car of the future will be driven by the sun." Then motoring in this country is doomed.

O. B. (New York).—"Most Americans would give almost anything for a glass of really good beer." So would most Englishmen.

J. H. (Wanstead).—"I will be thoroughly happy at Christmas with some books and a roaring fire." You should have a Dickens of a time.

GEORGE (Hoylake).—"The missionary told us that the savages are beginning to wear clothes." So you put a button in the collecting box.

P. S. (Hastings).—"French telephone girls recently struck for two hours." In England, subscribers wouldn't have noticed anything unusual.

SPEAKER (Dundee).—"I was told that my speech wasn't good enough to justify me standing for Parliament." Great Scot! It must have been bad!

W. T. (Edinburgh).—"Signor Mussolini is as quiet and unassuming a man as one could meet." The Duce is no doubt quite unperturbed. He has been attacked in this way before.

W. P. (Southsea).—"After scoring a knock-out a boxer sang a song in the ring." The crowd were very envious of the vanquished pugilist who had not recovered consciousness.

FILM STAR (Hollywood). — "Several papers refused to print an account of my wedding because I did not notify them before the event." You should see that they have a copy of your fixture-card in future.

PRODUCER (Soho). "I never call my performers anything but boys and girls." Your restraint is commendable.

R. M. (Lewisham). —"Who would countenance the idea of robbing Peter to pay Paul?" It would probably be Paul.

RUTH (Hexton).—"I am celebrating my twenty - first birthday next week." We thought it was about due once again.

T. J. (Hatfield).—"He was at the telephone for over ten minutes, but apparently did not say a word." Perhaps he was speaking to his wife.

B. L. (Luton). — "Weak-mindedness, stupidity and laziness are hereditary." That is a very ungracious way in which to talk about your parents.

ROY (Glasgow).—"There is a haggis made in England which does not taste like haggis at all." Well, that's a step in the right direction.

R. B. (Coventry).—"I am a professional runner." So that's your walk in life.

V. T. (Eltham).—"I believe only in what I see." Have you ever seen an ache?

F. G. (Bournemouth).—"The motor-car is doing away with the horse." But not with the ass.

MRS. E. (Harrow).—"The P.M.G. says that all his workers are highly satisfactory." The right men for the post.

C. A. (Ilford).—"What possible excuse can a man have for swearing over the telephone?" The telephone.

HENRY (Torquay).—"You can't do better than come down to Torquay for a cold." Thanks, but we can catch one up here quite as well.

G. K. (Westerham).—"A man has been fined in Paris for kissing his wife in a taxi." It does seem unfair to punish a man for being absent-minded.

E. K. (Salisbury).—"After examining me thoroughly, the specialist only said 'H'm! H'm!' What could he have meant by that?" About five guineas.

F. L. (Balham).—"The teeth and bones of an ice-age mammoth have been excavated from an American golf course." We've met golfers who play like that over here.

M. B. (Barnet).—"The idea, recently expounded by the Continental police, of taking children's finger-prints is a splendid one." There should be no difficulty in securing examples

V. P. (Barnet). — "A famous film star is retiring." But not very.

POET (Chelsea). — "Do you advise me to stop writing poetry?" No—begin.

C. N. A. (Warwick).—"I am paid by results." You are indebted to your boss.

C. F. (Derby). — "I learned to play the piano in no time." Lots of people play it like that.

T. C. (Blyth).—"What makes men marry certain types of women?" Certain types of women.

F. D. (Fulham).—"Dentists must be tactful." Nevertheless they often get on people's nerves.

K. B. (New York).—"When you visit America you will hear real jazz." Thanks for the warning.

H. D. (Canterbury).—"Old gramophone records make good firelighters." So would some new ones.

A. R. (Crawley).—"My wife kisses me only when she wants money." Surely that's often enough.

D. B. (Hull). — "My fiancée has made a man of me." And some people say that women don't work hard!

W. W. (West Wickham). —"I always sleep ten hours on end." We very much prefer the usual position.

T. G. (Croydon).—"No bird will show itself when I am in the garden." Do you look such a scarecrow?

C. S. (Stockwell).—"People are often too poor to go to a play." More often, however, the play is too poor for people to go to it.

D. R. (Perth).—"When a famous politician rises to address a meeting, the audience should always clap their hands." Over their ears?

PROFESSOR (Chelsea). — "The outer planets throw back the wireless waves from the earth." Well, to be quite candid, we don't blame them.

L. A. (Bath).—"I tore a whole pack of cards in half at a party the other night." We have also had some exasperating bridge partners.

R. E. (Melton).—"Coal is said to be an excellent substitute for jet in making jewellery." Some people, however, can only afford to use jet.

MRS. D. (Bermondsey).—"My husband threw my wedding ring out of the window the other day." We presume you were not wearing it at the time.

D. F. (Southend).—"In these days a pedestrian is only a man who cannot afford a car." Then whatever is a motorist?

Y. C. F. (Burton-on-Trent).—"The automatic telephone has many advantages over the old operator system." Yes, you can now choose your own wrong numbers.

T. M. (Portobello).—"Kinema fans, like the films themselves, can be divided into two classes—the talkies and the silent." Or, in other words, the feminine and the masculine.

R. M. (London, S.W.).—"An M.P. says that when he was a youngster he ran away from home and became an errand-boy." That completely cured him of running.

G. F. H. (Lincoln).—"I'm no good at arithmetic." Still, if you can add a good *Bullet* to an *Example* on page 39, adding £2,000 to your bank balance won't worry you. And we'll add another £25 every Christmas for life.

F. C. L. (Balham).—"Communists in an American city are demanding £4 a week dole, free food and housing and no work." We take it they already have chauffeurs and valets.

D. R. B. (Liverpool).—"A gossip-writer says he wants to do something at Christmastide that will earn the gratitude of thousands of people." He can do that quite easily by giving up writing gossip.

G. P. (London).—"A Hollywood comedy actress ages the clothes she wears on the screen by running them through a mangle with sandpaper rollers." But surely it would be simpler to send the garments to the laundry.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Oh, my Back!

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Backache and sharp twinges when you bend or straighten are signs of kidney weakness.

OTHER WARNING symptoms are urinary disorders, getting up at night, headaches, dizzy attacks, nerve pains, nervousness.

Don't run needless risks! Neglect merely adds to the danger of bladder inflammation, gravel, dropsy, lumbago, rheumatism and sciatica. Strengthen the kidneys without delay by using Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills, the medicine that has been publicly recommended for fifty years. This special kidney tonic can be taken by the most delicate.

Rid of Lumbago and Sciatica

On 27th October, 1913, Mrs. F. Fisher, 243, Mosslea Road, Whyteleafe, Surrey, said:—"Lumbago and sciatica frequently laid me up; at times I was nearly mad with the pain, which ran down from my hip to my foot. The kidney excretions were disordered; at times scanty and at other times too free and full of sediment.

"At last, upon a friend's advice, I took Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They eased the pain, and soon I was able to get about again. I am quite free from kidney trouble now."

On 2nd September, 1932, Mrs. Fisher said:—"I am still enjoying very good health, thanks to Doans Pills. (Sgd.) F. FISHER."

Of all Dealers **1/3, 3/-, 5/-**

Refuse substitutes. Insist upon

Doans BRAND **Backache Kidney Pills**

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

(M.O.C. 28)

HONEY AND PINE TO CURE COUGHS

For generations, housewives have found home-made honey syrup a remarkably effective treatment for coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh and sore throat. Even now, this famous old remedy is unrivalled for quick and sure relief. Though few women can spare the necessary time to make honey syrup, the healing ingredients of the original recipe are obtainable in 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, which contains Oil of Pine to destroy germ infection, Honey to soothe and heal cough-torn tissue, Squills and Ipecac to cut choking phlegm, and Menthol to clear blocked air-passages. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup instantly soothes throat soreness and "tickle," stops that irritating cough and restores the deep nasal breathing so essential to health. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup is supplied by chemists at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and if you suffer with cough or any form of bronchial trouble, this well-tried remedy will give you immediate relief. (M.O.C. 28)

LESSEN THE RISK OF 'FLU.

When influenza is about, your main danger lies in letting yourself get run down. It is the people who are below par who catch it most easily and suffer most.

That is why doctors are advising people to start taking Wincarnis at once. Wincarnis is the perfect tonic in a delicious form. It is simply the purest of fine wine with all its valuable, stimulating properties reinforced with the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It creates new, rich blood, and builds up reserves of strength which remove any danger of your going down with influenza.

Just take a glass of this delicious wine three times a day, and very soon you will be practically immune. You will sleep better and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated.

Start taking Wincarnis to-day. It has over 20,000 recommendations from medical men who have proved its value for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, and all sorts of run-down conditions.

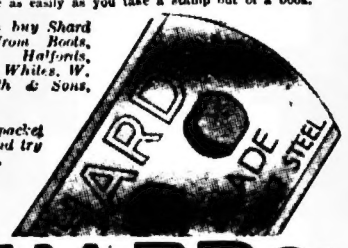
SHAVING COSTS DOWN BY HALF!

Use Shard Blades 6d. for 4

Men! Do you know this? A single sixpenny packet of Shard Blades will give you close, clean, comfortable shaves for a full month or more. Shard blades are 6d. for 4. British made from the finest Sheffield steel, they are packed in patent packets—from which you take out your blade as easily as you take a stamp out of a book.

You can buy Shard Blades from Boots, Taylors, Halfords, Timothy Whites, W. H. Smith & Sons, etc., etc.

Get a packet to-day and try them out.



SHARD BLADES 4 6D. FOR

C. I. Shard & Co. Ltd. 212-214 Gt. Portland St., W.1

LIVER & KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. J. F. McNEAL, 20, Gregory Street, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, writes:

"It is over 20 years since I was taken ill, my pains were awful. My doctor told me I had something wrong with my Liver and Kidneys, and that I also had a stone in my bladder. I had this six months and no relief. My wife got me Vitadatio and the pains became easier, so I kept on taking it until I got strong. Vitadatio saved my life and will do others. I am over sixty years old and can walk twenty miles a day now."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 22/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V.120

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

HOME SAFEGUARDS No. 1.

FIRE!

Fire! Somebody's home ablaze! What started it? Could it have been prevented? Is the loss covered?

"John Bull," realising that prevention is better than cure, sounds some warning notes in regard to man's most dreaded enemy. Heed these warnings! They may prevent your precious belongings from becoming a prey to the flames.

If, in spite of every precaution, fire should still break out, remember that, providing you are a registered reader, "John Bull" covers you up to £1,000.

"John Bull" is the *only* paper to cover the home against Fire—the only paper to provide benefits for storm, flood and sickness.

A spark is sufficient to set your home ablaze. Register now if you have not yet done so.

D·A·N·G·E·R

Don't forget to put a fireguard in front of an unattended fire. **Don't** throw matches or cigarette ends away before they are extinguished—the commonest cause of fire. **Don't** put matches within reach of children. **Don't** fill an oil lamp whilst the wick is still burning. **Don't** place the clothes-horse too near the fire. **Don't** put petrol or benzoline near an exposed flame. **Don't** peer under the bed with a lighted candle. **Don't** have sooty chimneys. A downfall of burning soot may start a fire. **Don't** hang curtains so they can blow against gas burners, stoves or lamps. **Don't** forget to put hot ashes into **metal** receptacles. **Don't** forget to inspect fires before going to bed.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 3/12/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

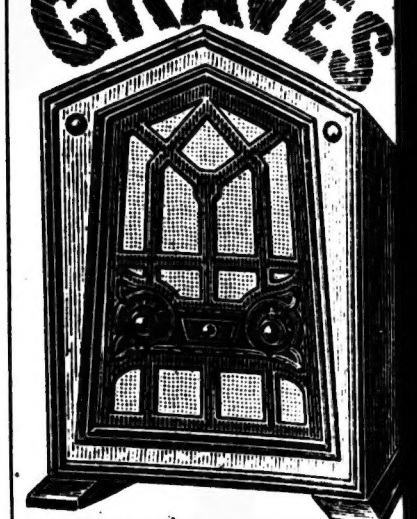
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 3/12/32

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT XMAS GIFT!

GOT YOURS YET?

See Page 40.

GRAVES



POWERFUL RADIO

Why pay fancy prices for Wireless Sets of doubtful capacity when you can become the owner of a really dependable British-made Receiver at a genuine bargain price, and on the Easiest Terms of payment ever made.

THE GRAVES 'MINERVA' 3-VALVE RECEIVER

Battery-operated, with Moving Coil Loud Speaker, is of proven excellence & will bear favourable comparison with other sets costing several pounds more.

It is entirely self-contained, everything except the Aerial equipment being ingeniously accommodated inside the Oak finished cabinet which measures 16½in high by 14in wide. Fitted with Moving Coil Loud Speaker of the newest type and operated by a super-capacity long-life H.T. Battery. It is made under Marconi Licence and incorporates only those components whose reliability and excellence are assured.

10/6 NOW

The Graves 'Minerva' 3-Valve Receiver is fitted with a new pattern All-steel Chassis and is specially designed to provide powerful long range reception in Bushich selective, & it is one of truly magnificent tone. Moving Coil Loud Speaker giving life-like reproduction. It is easy to operate, inexpensive to maintain & simple to control. Complete in all respects including Aerial equipment & Free Delivery. **£8:8:0**

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in monthly payments of 10/6. Safely packed and Carriage Paid.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE containing full details of The Graves 'Ariel' 2-Valve Self-contained Model in polished Oak Cabinet (15½in by 14½in) with All Steel Chassis, Ferranti Transformer, S.M. Condenser, Loud Speaker with large tonal cone, Mullard Valves, Fertrix H.T. & L.T. Batteries, **£4:16:0** Carriage Paid. Terms: 6/- monthly. Also other Table and Pedestal Models for Batteries or All Mains, including Radio-Grams.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

PLAIN WORDS TO WOMEN

A long sought boon

In nearly every woman's home you will find a little brown bottle containing a preparation which she already uses in a score of ways, Milton. She uses it as a gargle, for dressing cuts, for cleaning artificial dentures. It does its work by killing germs and removing impurities. It's reliable and always *safe*, she says. For this very reason it is the remedy best suited to intimate personal hygiene. It cannot harm delicate tissues or membranes. It never irritates. It cleans and soothes. It deodorises.

Intelligently used, a sixpenny bottle of Milton will give you a sense of comfort you have never known before and will save you pounds that would otherwise be spent on "cures." It is the complete health safeguard.

A line to the "Woman's Department" of Milton, 12, Brewery Road, London, N.7, will bring you an invaluable little booklet entitled "Yes—but how shall I look 10 years from now?" written by a Doctor—specially for women. Sent you under plain, sealed cover.

and
£25
XMAS CHEQUE YEARLY for LIFE
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £2,250 CASH
12,547 OTHER PRIZES
£100 £50
10 OF £5 - 10 OF £2-10
25 OF £1 - 500 OF 2/6
2000 SPECIAL RED SEAL "TARGETS" 10,000 "TARGETS"
Closing date SAT. DEC. 17

OUR CHRISTMAS FIRST BREAKS ALL RECORDS

ALL Christmas records are shattered this week! Within your reach is placed a staggering two-in-one Christmas-box of £2,000 cash to be paid immediately, augmented by a yearly Christmas Cheque for £25.

This princely reward for a few well-chosen words can be won by devoting half an hour to the absorbing pastime of making up *Bullets*. You have clear instructions following and this week's winning *Bullets* to study before beginning on your efforts.

As you run your eye down the *Examples*, one of them may remind you of some incident you have seen, a remark you have heard, or some words you have read which might be condensed into a *Bullet* of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS.

For instance, pausing at the *Example* MERRY ENGLAND, you might recall the grumbles you hear about taxation and reflect that taxpayers are not very merry about England to-day. Condensing that idea into four words, you could complete your *Bullet* in topical fashion thus—MERRY ENGLAND—COST TAXPAYERS MERRY CHRISTMAS.

As you study the *Bullets* below, each of which brought its sender a substantial prize, notice their widely varying styles and see how neat wording has transformed an everyday idea into a prize-worthy effort.

Then start on your own *Bullets*, and remember that Saturday, December 17, is the last day of this record Christmas Offer.

CASH, TURKEYS AND FOWLS WON THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 871:

Mrs. J. D. HILL, 20, North Ham Road, Littlehampton.
Example:—EVERY MORNING
Bullet:—LET MARMALADE RECALL ORANGE-BLOSSOM.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. G. DALEY, 21, Milfort Avenue, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim.
Example:—Clouds
Bullet:—Come From—And Lift!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Miss ELLIOTT, 50, Claythorn Road, Oundle, Peterborough.
Example:—Decadent Youth
Bullet:—Tale Britain's "Story" Contradicts.

10 OF £5 OR TURKEY PENSION:

J. BOYD, 64, Elba Street, Newton, Ayr.
Gathering Experience — Scattering Experienced Skating Novice.

W. H. BRAHAM, Baumber, Horncastle, Lincs.
Every Morning — Rise, Determined To "Soar."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. E. B. HICKS, 21, Denmark Terrace, Brighton.
To Calm Her—Problem—She's Ominously Calm!

H. HICKS, Eamont House, Park Road, West Hartlepool.
Wise Mother — Uses Skipping-rope As "Apron-strings."

T. LOMAX, 23, Church Road, Leatherhead.
Way To Lose Her—"Throne"—"Sitting On" Him.

E. C. PRAGUE, 159, Mitcham Lane, Streatham.
Humming With Activity—Then Government Raids "Hive."

H. W. REYNOLDS, c/o "Haseldene," Water Lane, Wilmslow, Ches.
Clouds—Smoky—Curing "Rose's" Blight.

P. SHORT, 33, Elswick Road, Lewisham, S.E.
Way To Lose Her — Leave Her "Running Unattended."

G. VAREY, 42, Howe Street, Gateshead.
To Help Father—Bet Mother Met Bother.

Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, Nook, Pwll Mellyn, Mold.
My Heroine—Comrade In *This* "War."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. E. ATKINSON, 2, Walmsley Road, Leeds.
Insult To Britain—Seldom Schoolboy's First Map.

C. BATT, 35, Duncan Road, Southsea.
Wise Mother—"Trainer" Many "Winners" Forget.

A. BROADBENT, 66, Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves.
Smothered —, Geneva's "Baby," "Judas Kisses."

G. ELSTON, 20, Ashburnham Gardens, Upminster.
Humming With Activity—World's Bonnet—"Hives" Empty.

R. JAGS, 14, Longcroft Green, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
When Lives Are At Stake—Lifeboats "Pitch And Toss."

H. A. NOLDE, 45, Vicarage Street, Nottingham.
The Dog Growled And—Can Became "Football" Instead.

W. PARR, 26, Claybridge Road, Grove Park, London, S.E.
When Lives Are At Stake—Father Home From Races.

L. ROBERT, 143, Breamore Road, Goodmayes.
Business Napoleon — Sonny, Selling Sunday Snooze.

H. L. SAWYER, 15, Redford Avenue, Thornton Heath.
No Man—To Spoil, Spoilt Her.

L. SNEWIN, 1, Connaught Road, Littlehampton.
The Dog Growled And — Prospective Buyer Didn't "Bite."

A list of 200 Turkey and 400 Surrey Fowl winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 870 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. Heasman, 48, Felix Road, Felixstowe.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 875 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"
Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed and Co., payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 875.

MERRY ENGLAND
WHAT WE FIGHT FOR
HER DEAREST
EAGERLY
GOING AHEAD
THE LANDLORD
LITTLE ROGUE
CUT OFF
BEGINNING AGAIN
CRAZY WORLD
ARMED TO THE TEETH
DIVIDING THE SPOILS
MISS 1933
GRABBING THE REINS
A JUGGERNAUT
THE POWER-STATION
STRIKING SUCCESS
MADE THE FUR FLY
RIVALS
MISSING SOMETHING
THE NATION'S MONEY-BOX
BOMBSHELL FOR FATHER
IT WOULD BE FINE IF
WHEN EVERYTHING'S GONE
A LITTLE EXTRA
FOR WORK
MANUFACTURERS
PUTTING IT ON
SANDY'S PARTY
"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"
SWEET MELODY
DUST IN HER EYES
LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN
MAN WITH A FROWN
SHANKS' PONY
HURT HIS DIGNITY
PRESSING INVITATION
NOT GOOD ENOUGH
FINDING HIMSELF
LIKE A FAIRY-TALE

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(875) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(875) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(875) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(875) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 875, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

CICFA

REMOVES THE CAUSE OF

SELF-POISONING

Do you suffer from Indigestion with Constipation? Do you wake in the morning feeling depressed and dreading the day's work? Do you feel "liverish," tired, and headachy? If so, you are probably suffering from self-poisoning due to Constipation.

When the food you eat is not properly digested, the system is starved through lack of nourishment. Worse still, the Bowel does not regularly evacuate the waste matter, and as a consequence, the food-mass lies stagnant in the Alimentary Tract. There it ferments, creating acids and impurities, which are absorbed into the blood. This impure blood is carried to every part of the body, and finally self-poisoning results, with all its misery and ill-health.

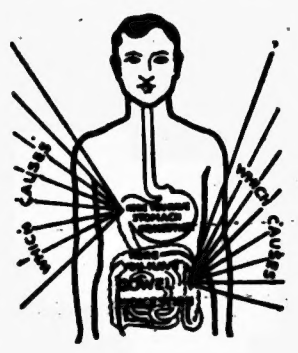
You may say: "*I've tried everything; nothing has done me any good.*"

You have not tried Cicfa. This remedy is different from any other preparation offered to the public. It is a unique combination of scientifically prepared digestive ferments; absolutely natural in action. It gives immediate relief in even the most obstinate cases, and gradually restores the little cells and glands of the digestive tract to perfect health.

THE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:

- GASES in STOMACH with Eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
- ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
- TONGUE coated white all over.
- COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
- EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
- PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL:

- GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
- Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
- ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- TONGUE coated yellow at back.
- COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
- EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

When Cicfa is taken the food is properly digested and all the nourishment absorbed; Constipation disappears, and therefore self-poisoning ceases. The blood becomes richer and purer, you wake refreshed; you enjoy work and play, and know again the delight of perfect health.

Send for free sample and prove for yourself that every word we say in praise of Cicfa is true.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PRICE 1/3 and 3/-, or post free, from THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

JOHN BULL 3/12/32

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for **9/6** carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN **CARPETS** thirty for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in Suitable Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms saving the purchaser all middle profits, and they are guaranteed genuine bargains. Over 600,000 sold during the last 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match.

9/6 FOR THE

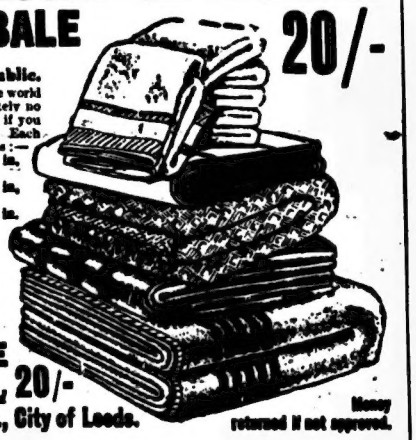
The Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public.

Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. Each bale is Greater value than hitherto. Read the guaranteed Contents:—

- 2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 90 in. x 90 in.
- 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket size 54 in. x 76 in.
- 2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 58 in. x 70 in.
- 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. by 70 in. (White or Coloured).
- 1 White Damask Tablecloth, size 52 x 56 in. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
- 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 90 in. x 90 in.
- 2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels absorbent loop pile, size 20 in. x 44 in.
- 1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.

Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free.

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE 20/-



BALE COMPLETE *Carr. Paid* **20/-**

Money returned if not approved.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.) Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

John Bull's Great Xmas Gift to You

APPLICATIONS POURING IN!

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher VALUE **5/-**

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.

10/- for 5/-

ALL BRITISH

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher VALUE **2/6**

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.

5/- for 2/6

The response to "John Bull's" sensational 1932 Christmas offer is phenomenal!

A greatly increased staff is working at top pressure to keep pace with the flood of applications. We urge every reader to apply EARLY so as not to run the risk of missing this magnificent gift.

See how generous and sweeping is the offer! On the one hand "John Bull" offers you a Gift Voucher which will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set, superbly chased with a nib of 14 ct. solid gold, iridium tipped, and on the other hand a Gift Voucher which will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of "John Bull's" Writing Set de luxe—the last word in luxury.

WHICH OFFER WILL YOU ACCEPT?

Join the thousands of happy owners of these superb Gift Sets by making application to-day.

5/- WRITING SET FOR 2/6

Admire the handsome chasing of the Pen, the superb finish. The self-filling device is the very latest and the 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give years of writing joy. A 2-year written guarantee is sent with each pen, proof of its great reliability. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match complete with refills and pocket clip is a perfect companion.

10/- WRITING SET OFFERED FOR 5/-

The graceful streamline, the superb finish, greatly enhanced by the rolled gold band and pocket clip, is a delight to the eye. The pen is fitted with heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with costly iridium. An up-to-date lever self-filling device is also of rolled gold. The "Everpointed" pencil to match has the same beautiful streamline, and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads. This set is enclosed in a handsome presentation case, beautifully coloured with butterfly tints. A 5 years' written guarantee is sent with each set.

Cash Your Gift Voucher To-day

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. J.4, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value Five Shillings which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (Cross out grades not required).
Cross Cheque/P.O. /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 3/12/32.

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